THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. DAVIS;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVIE AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.

THE

THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

PRIOR——CONGREVE.

THE

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

POEMS

BY

MR. PRIOR.

THE

TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF PRINCE GEORGE, 1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their ſhade,
A widow turtle penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The ſparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be ſure he did the turtle greet;
She anſwer'd him as ſhe thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:

But how they did their thoughts expreſs,
The margin ſhews by *T* and *S*.
T. My hopes are loſt, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daiſies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verſe;
Ye pious redbreaſts, deck his hearſe:
Fair ſwans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
" For him, my friends, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Thoſe cheeks, where Beauty ſmiling lay;
Thoſe eyes, where Love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how ſoon
That beauty and thoſe joys are flown!
Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the ſad ſound to diſtant Woods;
The ſound let Echo's voice reſtore,
And ſay, Columbo is no more.
" Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
The Dryads all forſook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me ſtood,
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conſcious of our mutual flame,
" To ſigh for him, with me to moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Venus diſdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindneſs now?
She ne'er ſhall hear my ſecond vow:
The Loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her ſorrows view;
Their drooping wings they penſive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unſtrung;
They heard attentive what I ſaid,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
" For him I ſigh, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
" 'Tis ours to weep," great Venus ſaid;
" 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
" Nor birds nor goddeſſes can move
" The juſt beheſts of fatal Jove.
" I ſaw thy mate with ſad regret,
" And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
" Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
" Whom Turturella lov'd ſo well!
" I ſaw him bleeding on the ground,
" The ſight tore up my ancient wound;
" And, whilſt you wept, alas! I cry'd,
" Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
" Weep, all ye Streams; ye Mountains, groan;
" I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
" Still let my tender grief complain,
" Nor day nor night that grief reſtrain:"
I ſaid, and Venus ſtill reply'd,
" Columbo and Adonis dy'd."

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy caſe,
And juſt thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And haſt thou lov'd, and canſt thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come then, with me thy ſorrows join,
And eaſe my woes by telling thine:
" For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
" Some Paſſerella dead and gone."
S. Dame Turtle, this runs ſoft in rhyme,
But neither ſuits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whoſe cruel care
For dear Columbo ſet the ſnare,
The ſnare again for thee may ſet;
Two birds may periſh in one net:
Thou ſhould'ſt avoid this cruel field,
And ſorrow ſhould to prudence yield.
'Tis ſad to die!—
T. — It may be ſo;
'Tis ſadder yet to live in woe.
S. When widows uſe this canting ſtrain,
They ſeem reſolv'd to wed again.
T. When widowers would this truth diſprove,
They never taſted real love.
S. Love is ſoft joy and gentle ſtrife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And ſtruck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black ſhafts let Death ſend one,
Alas! the pleaſing game is done;

Ill is the poor ſurvivor ſped,
A corpſe feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus ſaid right—" nor tears can move,
" Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All muſt obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withſtood
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead
(You ſee how deeply I am read):
With Fate's lean tipſtaff none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to ſhun his general power,
In vain abſconded in a flower;
An idle ſcene Tythonus acted,
When to a graſshopper contracted;
Death ſtruck them in thoſe ſhapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles periſh, plants decay;
Fleſh is but graſs, graſs turns to hay,
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads extremely nice diſcover
That folks may die ſome ten times over;
But oft', by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er Pythagoras may ſay
(For each, you know, will have his way),
With great ſubmiſſion I pronounce,
That people die no more than once:

But once is ſure; and death is common
To bird and man, including woman;
From the ſpread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
All that wear feathers firſt or laſt
Muſt one day perch on Charon's maſt;
Muſt lie beneath the cypreſs ſhade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.
Thoſe fowl who ſeem alive to ſit,
Aſſembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In proſe have ſlept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in ſtate upon their hearſe,
Are truly but embalm'd in verſe.
As ſure as Leſbia's ſparrow I,
Thou ſure as Prior's dove, muſt die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's ſtreams
Return to Adige, or to Thames.
T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleaſures fled;
" I therefore muſt for ever moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
S. Columbo never ſees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of braſs, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In t'other the collected ſound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.

'Tis

'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What Time itſelf can ne'er retrieve.
By nature ſoft, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I adviſe you like a brother.
T. What, *I* to make a ſecond choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!
S. Why not, my bird?—
T. —No, Sparrow, no!
Let me indulge my pleaſing woe:
Thus ſighing, cooing, eaſe my pain,
But never wiſh, nor love, again:
Diſtreſs'd, for ever let me moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
S. Our winged friends through all the grove
Contemn thy mad exceſs of love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And "wept Columbo, dead and gone."
T. Whate'er the jay or parrot ſaid,
My hopes are loſt, my joys are fled,
And I for ever muſt deplore
"Columbo dead and gone."—*S. Encore!*
For ſhame! forſake this Bion-ſtyle,
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with ſenſe or health agree,
To ſit thus moping on a tree?

To

To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?
Come on; I'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence yours?
" Example draws where precept fails,
" And ſermons are leſs read than tales."
T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As ſuch will hear thee: I deſcend;
Hop on, and talk; but, honeſt bird,
Take care that no immodeſt word
May venture to offend my ear.
S. Too faint-like Turtle, never fear.
By method things are beſt diſcours'd,
Begin we then with Wife the *firſt:*
A handſome, ſenſeleſs, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule:
Her actions did her charms diſgrace,
And ſtill her tongue talk'd of her face:
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had ſhe,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Thoſe wills were chang'd with every wind:
She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
L'aſſemblée, her ſupreme delight;
The next ſhe ſat immur'd, unſeen,
And in full health enjoy'd the ſpleen;
She cenſur'd *that*, ſhe alter'd *this*,
And with great care ſet all amiſs;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now ſing, now pout, all *God knows why:*

Short

Short was her reign, ſhe cough'd, and dy'd.
Proceed we to my *ſecond* bride:
Well-born ſhe was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to pleaſe,
And, as Tom Southern wiſely ſays,
" No other fault had ſhe in life,
" But only that ſhe was my wife *."
O widow Turtle! every ſhe
(So Nature's pleaſure does decree)
Appears a goddeſs till enjoy'd;
But birds, and men, and gods are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one woman's man?
Or Jove for ever Leda's ſwan?
Ah! madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
Variety alone gives joy,
The ſweeteſt meats the ſooneſt cloy.
What ſparrow-dame, what dove alive,
Though Venus ſhould the chariot drive,
But would accuſe the harneſs weight,
If always coupled to *one* mate;
And often wiſh the fetter broke?
'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
T. Impious! to wiſh to wed again,
Ere death diſſolv'd the former chain!
S. Spare your remark, and hear the reſt;
She brought me ſons; but (Jove be bleſt!)
She dy'd in child-bed on the neſt.

* See " The Wife's Excuſe, a comedy."

Well,

Well, reſt her bones! quoth I, ſhe's gone;
But muſt I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her memory ty'd?
Muſt I not live, becauſe ſhe dy'd?
And thus I logically ſaid
('Tis good to have a reaſoning head!)
Is this my wife? *Probatur* not;
For death diſſolv'd the marriage-knot:
She was, *concedo*, during life;
But, is a piece of *clay* a wife?
Again; if not a wife, d'ye ſee,
Why then no kin at all to me:
And he, who general tears can ſhed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal juſtice mourn
For thoſe who never yet were born.
T. Thoſe points indeed you quaintly prove,
But logic is no friend to love.
S. My children then were juſt pen-feather'd;
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And ſent them to my ſpouſe's mother;
So left that brood, to get another:
And, as old Harry whilom ſaid,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Cockſbones! I now again do ſtand
The jollieſt bachelor i' th' land.
T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My *firſt*, my *only Love*, is dead:
With endleſs grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loſs!—
S. —Let me go on.

As

As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my couſin Philly Sparrow,
C' th' elder houſe of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch deſcend.
Well ſeated in a field of peaſe
She liv'd, extremely at her eaſe;
But, when the honey-moon was paſt,
The following nights were ſoon o'ercaſt;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-ſtraw:
Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
As more we knew each other's mind:
She ſoon grew ſullen, I hard-hearted;
We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, bleſſed town! I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent.
A magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me ſhe was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And ſet my heart again to ſale.
My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or ſuch
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or falſe; our troubles ſpring
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two ſtaring horns, I often ſaid,
But ill become a ſparrow's head;
But then, to ſet that balance even,
Your cuckold ſparrow goes to heaven.
The thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.

Whilſt

Whilſt at the root your horns are ſore,
The more you ſcratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect,
All may not be that you ſuſpect:
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas ſeen;
'Tis from the inſide of the head
Their branches ſhoot, their antlers ſpread;
Fruitful ſuſpicions often bear 'em,
You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echoed word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But thoſe of finer taſte have found
There's nothing in't beſide the ſound.
Preferment always waits on horns,
And houſehold peace the gift adorns;
This way, or that, let factions tend,
The ſpark is ſtill the cuckold's friend:
This way, or that, let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet ſhe comes home.
Now weigh the pleaſure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loſs and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing ſays
Is ſerious truth, in ſuch a caſe;
" Who ſlights the evil finds it leaſt,
" And who does nothing, does the beſt."
I never ſtrove to rule the roaſt,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toaſt:
In viſits if we chanc'd to meet,
I ſeem'd obliging, ſhe diſcreet;

We neither much careſs'd nor ſtrove,
But good diſſembling paſs'd for love.
T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itſelf can ſhow;
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, amorous, fooliſh bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,
The three kind ſiſters broke the chain;
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juſter grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with conſtant tears bewail—
S. Your ſorrow does but ſpoil my tale.
My *fifth*, ſhe prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord ſhield us all from ſuch a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, to-day; to-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forſooth, upon the brook
I kept a miſs; an honeſt rook
Told it a ſnipe, who told a ſteer,
Who told it *thoſe* who told it *her*.
One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me ſtrolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick-ſighted, grave, and ſober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kiſs'd a hen behind the hedge.
Well; madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)

As once ſhe watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor ſoul!) her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down ſhe fell, and broke her hip;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip*:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, ſo was I.
T. Could Love unmov'd theſe changes view?
His ſorrows, as his joys, are true.
S. My deareſt Dove, one wiſe man ſays,
Alluding to our preſent caſe,
"We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow!"
Then what avails ſuperfluous ſorrow?
Another, full as wiſe as he,
Adds, that "a marry'd man may ſee
"Two happy hours;" and which are they?
The *firſt* and *laſt*, perhaps you'll ſay.
'Tis true, when blithe ſhe goes to bed,
And when ſhe peaceably lies dead;
"Women 'twixt ſheets are beſt," 'tis ſaid,
Be they of holland, or of lead.
Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And ſliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future reſt,
And took a widow to my neſt.
(Ah, Turtle! had ſhe been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wiſe, yet free!)
But ſhe was peeviſh, noiſy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a ſcold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind;

To

To vex one bird, in her bandore
He had at leaſt a hundred more.
And, ſoon as Time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the pariſh flew;
Her ſtock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempeſts arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The neareſt her, the more accurſt,
Ill far'd her friends, her huſband worſt.
But Jove amidſt his anger ſpares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In ſhort, ſhe dy'd. Why then ſhe's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would Heaven this mourning year were paſt!
One may have better luck at laſt.
Matters at worſt are ſure to mend,
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a turtle's ſpleen,
Uxorious inmate! bird obſcene!
Dar'ſt thou defile theſe ſacred groves,
Theſe ſilent ſeats of faithful loves?
Begone, with flagging wings ſit down
On ſome old pent-houſe near the town;
In brewers' ſtables peck thy grain,
Then waſh it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offſpring ſquall
From bottles on a ſuburb wall.

Where thou haſt been, return again,
Vile bird! thou haſt convers'd with men;
Notions like theſe from men are given,
Thoſe vileſt creatures under heaven.
To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falſehood flouriſh there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;
Where paſſion does with intereſt barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are ſix times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter* of two deareſt friends,
To thee my Muſe this little tale commends.
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his perſon, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear huſband's arms,
For conſtant virtue has immortal charms.
And when I lie low ſepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchſafe to ſay, "Ere I could write or ſpell,
"The bard, who from my cradle wiſh'd me well,
"Told me I ſhould the prating ſparrow blame,
"And bad me imitate the turtle's flame."

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, daughter of Edward Earl of Oxford, and afterwards Ducheſs of Portland.

DOWN.

DOWN-HALL:

A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, 1715.

I SING not old Jaſon, who travell'd through Greece,
To kiſs the fair maids, and poſſeſs the rich fleece;
Nor ſing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Aſia and Europe did roam,
Ulyſſes by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather deſir'd to ſee cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converſe with old Pen.

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to ſeek,
A man muſt have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Thoſe who love their own tongue, we have reaſon to hope,
Have read them tranſlated by Dryden and Pope.

But I ſing of exploits that have lately been done
By two Britiſh heroes, call'd Matthew and John*:
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Eſſex to ſee, and a place they call Down.

* Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halſtead.

Now ere they went out you may rightly ſuppoſe
How much they diſcours'd both in prudence and proſe;
For, before this great journey was throughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew ſaid, Look you here, my friend John,
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one;
And, though I ſtill carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks! I have juſt ſuch a place in my eye.

There are gardens ſo ſtately, and arbours ſo thick,
A portal of ſtone, and a fabric of brick:
The matter next week ſhall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! muſt be paid in an hour.

For things in this world muſt by law be made certain:
We both muſt repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to ſee: he muſt fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
You've ſold all our premiſes over and over:
And now, if your buyers and ſellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpoſe: to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll ſee what to-night you ſo highly commend;
And, if with a garden and houſe I am bleſt,
Let the Devil and Coningſby go with the reſt.

Then

Then anſwer'd 'Squire Morley, Pray get a calaſh,
That in ſummer may burn, and in winter may ſplaſh;
I love dirt and duſt; and 'tis always my pleaſure,
To take with me much of the ſoil that I meaſure.

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot ſo trim and ſo tight,
That extremes both of winter and ſummer might paſs:
For one window was canvas, the other was glaſs.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth friend John,
We ſhall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus, talking and ſcolding, they forward did ſpeed;
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodſon, the ſign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the high-way,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

Come here, my ſweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily ſo cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hoſtler that ſung about eight years ago?

And where is your ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear?
Whoſe voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?
By my troth! ſhe replies, you grow younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon truſt,
If I know to which queſtion to anſwer you firſt:
Why things, ſince I ſaw you, moſt ſtrangely have vary'd,
The hoſtler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd.

And Prue left a child for the pariſh to nurſe;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purſe;
And as to my ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear,
See has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her aſhes! what ſignifies grief?
She roaſted red veal, and ſhe powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely ſhe knew to cook up a fine diſh;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fiſh.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'ſquire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:
I ſhould look on myſelf as unhappily ſped,
Did I yield to a ſiſter, or living, or dead.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breaſt
Shall ſwim in the water in which they were dreſt:
And, becauſe you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs ſhall be next courſe, toſt up with rank bacon.

Then ſupper was ſerv'd, and the ſheets they were laid,
And Morley moſt lovingly whiſper'd the maid.
The maid! was ſhe handſome? why truly ſo-ſo:
But what Morley whiſper'd we never ſhall know.

Then up roſe theſe heroes as briſk as the ſun,
And their horſes, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt aſk'd for the ſcore,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfaſt ſo warm to be ſure they did eat,
A cuſtom in travellers mighty diſcreet;
And thus with great friendſhip and glee they went on,
To find out the place you ſhall hear of anon,
Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning to noon?
Why, of ſpots in the ſun, and the man in the moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the ſtocks in the city,
The wife men of Greece, and the ſecret committee.

So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are you all?
Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no life;
Well, maſter, I hear you have bury'd your wife.

Come this very inſtant, take care to provide
Tea, ſugar, and toaſt, and a horſe and a guide.
Are the Harriſons here, both the old and the young?
And where ſtands fair Down, the delight of my ſong?

O 'Squire, to the grief of my heart I may ſay,
I have bury'd two wives ſince you travell'd this way;
And the Harriſons both may be preſently here;
And Down ſtands, I think, where it ſtood the laſt year.

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toaſt,
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine hoſt:
But we clear'd our extempore banquet ſo faſt,
That the Harriſons both were forgot in the haſte.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted; the horſes did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round,
But oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

O thou Popiſh guide, thou haſt led us aſtray.
Says he, How the Devil ſhould I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

Thy wife, anſwer'd Matthew, when ſhe went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways ſhe had trod:
Perhaps ſhe met friends, and brought pence to thy houſe,
But thou ſhalt go home without ever a ſous.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
We have loſt our eſtate here, before we have ſeen it.
Have patience, ſoft Morley in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us ſend off our guide.

O here I ſpy Down: caſt your eye to the weſt,
Where a wind-mill ſo ſtately ſtands plainly confeſt.
On the weſt, reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find:
As well thou may'ſt tell me, I ſee the weſt-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I ſpy,
But, faithful Achates, no houſe is there nigh.
Look again, ſays mild Morley; gadzooks! you are blind:
The mill ſtands before, and the houſe lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white ſhed I diſcern,
Untill'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn! why you rave: 'tis a houſe for a ſquire,
A juſtice of peace, or a knight of our ſhire.

A houſe

A houſe ſhould be built, or with brick, or with ſtone.
Why 'tis plaſter and lath; and I think that's all one;
And ſuch as it is, it has ſtood with great fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will ſuddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree;
My buſineſs is land, and it matters not me.

I wiſh you could tell what a duce your head ails:
I ſhew'd you Down-Hall; did you look for Verſailles?
Then take houſe and farm as John Ballet will let you,
For better for worſe, as I took my Dame Betty.

And now, Sir, a word to the wiſe is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old ſtuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow ſimple!
Are you young and rich, like the maſter of Wimple? *

If you have theſe whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er ſee five farthings:
And in yours I ſhall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finiſh your houſe, you'll have ſpent your eſtate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb; and, here, Mat, is my heart.
To Halſtead I ſpeed, and you go back to town.
Thus ends the Firſt Part of the Ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

* Edward Earl of Oxford.

VERSES

VERSES

SPOKEN TO

LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY,

COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

IN THE LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

NOVEMBER 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna viſited the Muſes' ſeat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brighteſt of thy ſex, and beſt,
Moſt gracious neighbour,* and moſt welcome gueſt.
Not Harley's ſelf, to Cam and Iſis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he ſuch preſent honour ſhall receive,
As to his conſort we aſpire to give.
Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the ſofter ſex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this houſe has bred,
To ſtudy leſſons from thy morals given,
And ſhining characters, impreſs'd by heaven.
Science in books no longer we purſue,
Minerva's ſelf in Harriet's face we view;

* The family ſeat was then at Wimple.

For,

For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the ſemblance of a form divine.
Their pious incenſe let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of ſome bounteous king;
With grateful hand due altars let them raiſe,
To ſome good knight's * or holy prelate's † praiſe:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bleſs, your praiſes we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by ſtatute, to the fair we bow;
In ſpite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE‡

TO

THE ORPHAN,

REPRESENTED BY SOME OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS, AT HICKFORD'S DANCING-ROOM, FEBRUARY 2, 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO THE PAGE.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Whom you may clap or hiſs for half a crown.

* Sir T. White, founder of St. John's College, Oxon.

† Archbiſhop Laud alſo was a generous benefactor.

‡ A few lines of this prologue occur in another, which is printed in vol. xxxii. p. 204.

Our

Our generous ſcenes for friendſhip we repeat;
And, if we don't delight, at leaſt we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
We may be aſk'd "whoſe patent we act under?"
How ſhall we gain you, *à la mode de France?*
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance.
In cutting capers we ſhall never pleaſe:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.
Shall we procure you ſymphony and ſound?
Then you muſt each ſubſcribe two hundred pound.
There we ſhould fail too, as to point of voice:
Miſtake us not; we're no Italian boys,
True Britons born; from Weſtminſter we come,
And only ſpeak the ſtyle of ancient Rome.
We would deſerve, not poorly beg, applauſe;
And ſtand or fall by Freind's and Buſby's laws.
For the diſtreſs'd, your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan ſqualling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppreſt!
W. Be ſtill, you ſenſeleſs calf!
What if the gods ſhould make you bleſt?
H. Why then I'd ſing and laugh:
But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

TRUTH

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in ſun-ſhine weather,
Falſehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As oppoſites will ſometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they paſt,
And at a brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling ſtream, the margin green
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal ſcene,
Invited each itinerant maid
To reſt awhile beneath the ſhade.
Under a ſpreading beach they ſat,
And paſs'd the time with female chat;
Whilſt each her character maintain'd;
One ſpoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falſehood, ſiſter Truth
(For ſo ſhe call'd her from her youth),
What if, to ſhun yon' ſultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful ſtream;
The bottom ſmooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying ſhepherd near!—
With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
And threw her ſnowy robes aſide,
Stript herſelf naked to the ſkin,
And with a ſpring leapt headlong in.
Falſehood more leiſurely undreſt,
And, laying by her taudry veſt,
Trick'd herſelf out in Truth's array,
And croſs the meadows tript away.

From

From this curſt hour, the fraudful dame
Of ſacred Truth uſurps the name,
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
Falſe ſighs ſuborns, and artful tears,
And ſtarts with vain pretended fears;
In viſits ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at church her ſaint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While riſing ſtock * her conſcience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She ſecrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on ſhe will, and ſecrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one ſhe knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the roſe.
Her tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do ſerve, ſhe ſlily pleads,
And copious tears ſtill ſhew her needs,
With promiſes as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
To-day a ſaint, to-morrow devil.
Poor Truth ſhe ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, ſcorning from her cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

* South-Sea, 1720.

THE

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

IT always has been thought diſcreet,
To know the company you meet;
And ſure there may be ſecret danger,
In talking much before a ſtranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the ſcene is fix'd:
The perſons were but oddly mixt;
When ſober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
"I now grow old; but ſtill, from youth,
"Have held for modeſty and truth.
"The men, who by theſe ſea-marks ſteer,
"In life's great voyage never err:
"Upon this point I dare defy
"The world. I pauſe for a reply."
"Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,"
Said one who ſat a little diſtant:
"Truth decks our ſpeeches and our books,
"And modeſty adorns our looks:
"But farther progreſs we muſt take:
"Not only born to look and ſpeak;
"The man muſt act. The Stagyrite
"Says thus, and ſays extremely right:

"Strict

" Strict juſtice is the ſovereign guide,
" That o'er our actions ſhould preſide:
" This queen of virtues is confeſt
" To regulate and bind the reſt.
" Thrice happy, if you once can find
" Her equal balance poiſe your mind:
" All different graces ſoon will enter,
" Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe two went on,
With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland aſſaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half loſt,
Damon took up the Evening-Poſt;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politicks held forth.
" Methinks we're in the like condition,
" As at the treaty of partition:
" That ſtroke, for all King William's care,
" Begat another tedious war.
" Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
" Ne'er much approv'd that myſtic league:
" In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
" Poor man! he found enough to do.
" Sometimes to me he did apply;
" But down-right Dunſtable was I,
" And told him where they were miſtaken,
" And counſel'd him to ſave his bacon:
" But (paſs his politicks and proſe)
" I never herded with his foes;

" Nay

" Nay, in his verſes, as a friend,
" I ſtill found ſomething to commend.
" Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
" Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid:
" Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
" The women all were on my ſide.
" For Alma I return'd him thanks;
" I lik'd her with her little pranks.
" Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
" Was much too grave to be ſublime."
Pindar and Damon ſcorn tranſition,
So on he ran a new diviſion;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T'other that lucky moment took,
Juſt nick'd the time, broke in and ſpoke.
" Of all the gifts the gods afford
" (If we may take old Tully's word),
" The greateſt is a friend, whoſe love
" Knows how to praiſe, and when reprove:
" From ſuch a treaſure never part,
" But hang the jewel on your heart:
" And, pray, Sir (it delights me), tell,
" You know this Author mighty well—"
" Know him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods-fiſh!
" Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?
" I lov'd him; as I told you, I
" Advis'd him" — Here a ſtander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, ſilence broke;

" Damon, 'tis time we ſhould retire:
" The man you talk with is Mat Prior."
Patron through life, and from thy birth *my* friend,
Dorſet! to thee, this Fable let me ſend:
With Damon's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid worth;
The foil is known to ſet the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorſets live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd;
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
Whilſt wit and beauty reign'd:

" Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt *ſhe* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

* Lady Catharine Hyde, now Ducheſs of Queenſberry.

What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Deareſt Mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe*,
Or know the reaſon why.

I'll ſoon with Jenny's pride quit ſcore,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondneſs prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *ſet the world on fire.*

THE
JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus ſhown,
The Goddeſs ſpy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

Juſt ſo, (and pointing with her hand)
So ſhone, ſays ſhe, my eyes†,
When from two goddeſſes I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

* The Earl of Eſſex married Lady Jane Hyde. † Lady Ranelagh.

When in the glaſs, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glaſs be true,
If true the cryſtal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind *
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native ſea.

Like this †, diſorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thouſand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, ſays ſhe, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far ſurpaſs'd thine here.

Or I, a goddeſs of the ſkies,
By Myra am outdone,
And muſt reſign to *her* the prize,
The apple, which I won.

But, ſoon as ſhe had Myra ſeen,
Majeſtically fair,
The ſparkling eye, the look ſerene,
The gay and eaſy air;

* Lady Saliſbury.

† Lady Jane, ſiſter to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

With

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddeſs cry'd,
Apelles muſt to Kneller yield,
Or Venus muſt to Hyde.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

"Nympha, precor, Penei, mane."

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy ſpeed,
Diſmiſs thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Leſs ſwiftly fly, leſs ſwiftly I'll purſue:
Pathleſs, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some ſtone may hurt thee, or ſome thorn may wound.

DAPHNE (aſide).

This care is for himſelf, as ſure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Waſhy he is, perhaps not over ſound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Nor ill-bred ſwain, nor ruſty clown am I:
I Claros iſle, and Tenedos command—

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Piſh! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPHNE.

—A fig!—
That may be counterfeit, a Spaniſh wig:
Who cares for all that buſh of curling hair,
Whilſt your ſmooth chin is ſo extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I ſing—

DAPHNE.

—That never ſhall be Daphne's choice:
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the myſtic power;
To certain health the patient I reſtore;
Sent for, careſs'd—

DAPHNE.

—Ours is a wholeſome air;
You'd better go to town, and practiſe there:
For me, I've no obſtructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove;
And phyſic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verſes I compoſe.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks, and brother beaux.
Memorials only and Reviews write proſe.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I ſend the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its ſpeed. —

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom ſure you would not kill,
In yonder thicket exerciſe your ſkill;
Shoot there at beaſts; but for the human heart,
Your couſin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,
A love-ſick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'ſt be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

Firſt, therefore, be not ſo extremely rude.
Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
Next, to my father's grotto ſometimes come;
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics; how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and aſk how Daphne does:
Theſe ſort of folks will to each other tell,
That you reſpect me; that, you know, looks well.
Then if you are, as you pretend, the God
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, ſome bird, or beaſt,
And now and then a jewel from the Eaſt;

A lacquer'd cabinet, ſome china ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nota bene*, you ſhall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Laſt, for the eaſe and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what ſtartles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they ſay) ſixteen, or ſomething more;
We mortals ſeldom live above fourſcore:
Fourſcore; you're good at numbers; let us ſee,
Seventeen ſuppoſe, remaining ſixty-three;
Aye, in that ſpan of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noiſe, and ſtrife,
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)
They'll quickly end, you ſee; what ſignify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away;
You know your buſineſs takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noiſe I make, you'll ſleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening ſhould be long,
Ev'n read your phyſic-book, or make a ſong.
Your ſteeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honeſt godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.
Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
And may I ſplit into ten thouſand trees,
If I give up on other terms than theſe!
She ſaid; but what the amorous God reply'd,
(So fate ordain'd) is to our ſearch deny'd:

By

By rats, alas! the manuſcript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
Bavius, thy labours muſt this work reſtore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO

MR. ADRIAN DRIFT, 1708.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel faſhion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay in infant years,
Equally ſhar'd their parents' cares.
The ſire of theſe two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his laſt debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three males, one female kind.
The ſire being under ground and bury'd,
'Twas thought his ſpouſe would ſoon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and numerous ſuitors,
Moſt tender huſbands, careful tutors,
She modeſtly refus'd; and ſhew'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.
Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought
Has thouſand and ten thouſand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
How to deſcribe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,

Thy

A lacquer'd cabinet, ſome china ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nota bene*, you ſhall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Laſt, for the eaſe and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what ſtartles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they ſay) ſixteen, or ſomething more;
We mortals ſeldom live above fourſcore:
Fourſcore; you're good at numbers; let us ſee,
Seventeen ſuppoſe, remaining ſixty-three;
Aye, in that ſpan of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noiſe, and ſtrife,
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)
They'll quickly end, you ſee; what ſignify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away;
You know your buſineſs takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noiſe I make, you'll ſleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening ſhould be long,
Ev'n read your phyſic-book, or make a ſong.
Your ſteeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honeſt godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.
Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
And may I ſplit into ten thouſand trees,
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Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloyſter'd from common joys and juſt delights;
How thou didſt conſtantly in private mourn,
And waſh with daily tears thy ſpouſe's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your firſt care, by numerous griefs oppreſt,
Under the burden ſunk, and went to reſt;
How your dear darling, by conſumption's waſte,
Breath'd her laſt piety into your breaſt;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Though not inſpir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howſoe'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this ſmall, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious ſon.
But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it ſeems a Babel;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.
Well then, dear brother——
As ſure as Hudi's * ſword could ſwaddle,
Two mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted; (did they ſo, an't pleaſe you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir), to eaſe you.

* Hudibras.

One

One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T'other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Thoſe two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the ſages!)
Many days paſt, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's ſight;
At laſt, in weather cold nor ſultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buſs, and great grimace
(Uſual you know in ſuch a caſe),
Much chat aroſe, what had been done,
What might before next ſummer's ſun;
Much ſaid of France, of Suffolk's goodneſs,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeneſs.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.
Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in ſenſe;
All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raiſe poſterity:
Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds, or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I'll ſave, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propoſe is juſt, I ſwear it;
Or may I periſh, by this claret!

The dice are thrown, chooſe this or that
('Tis all alike to honeſt Mat);
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After ſome thought, ſome Portugueſe *,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:
  Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Truſt me, I'll do for't what I can.
  Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purſe from money;
He got a luſty ſqualling boy
(Doubtleſs the dad's and mamma's joy).
In ſhort, to make things ſquare and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And ſends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a baſket
(Granted as ſoon as e'er I aſk it);
A coat not of the ſmalleſt ſcantling,
Frocks, ſtockings, ſhoes, to grace the bantling;
Theſe too were ſent (or I'm no drubber),
Nay, add to theſe the fine gum-rubber;
Yet theſe won't do, ſend t'other coat,
For, faith, the firſt's not worth a groat;
Diſmally ſhrunk, as herrings ſhotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.

* Snuff.

Pray

Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of ſtuff more durable, and ſtronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, Sir, you know the Fable.
From this, and letters of the ſame make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-ſake.
Cold and hard times, Sir, here (believe it).
I've loſt my curate too, and grieve it.
At Eaſter, for what I can ſee,
(A time of eaſe and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiſs your hands, and viſit London.
Molly ſends greeting; ſo do I, Sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, 1710.

SPHINX was a monſter that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle Riddle ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus was reſolv'd to go,
And try what ſtrength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?

'Tis

'Tis Man, ſaid he, who, weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four; as years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts a ſtick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater ſtranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

EPIGRAM, EXTEMPORE,

TO THE

MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE*, 1712.

I *Stood*, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a biſhop's throne your ſeat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great ſoul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a biſhop's throne,
Pay *homage* † to the Queen.

* See the hiſtory of this epigram, Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 16.

† Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Maſter of St. John's, as a Fellow of that College, thought ſome reſpect was due to the public character which he had juſt before ſuſtained in France.

NELL

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the Doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney ſtood decently crying;
'Tis in vain, ſaid the woman, to make ſuch ado,
For to our long home we muſt all of us go!

True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the worſt
For us that remain, the beſt always go firſt;
Remember, dear wife, that I ſaid ſo laſt year,
When you loſt your white heifer, and I my brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and ſit quiet, ſtern Charon reply'd:
You may have forgot; you was drunk when you dy'd.

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH! how thou ſpoil'ſt the beſt project of life!
Said Gabriel, who ſtill, as he bury'd one wife,
For the ſake of her family, marry'd her couſin;
And thus, in an honeſt collateral line,
He ſtill marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full ſorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL.

FATAL LOVE.

POOR Hal caught his death, ſtanding under a ſpout,
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art, that read'ſt theſe moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jeſt, looking wiſtly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you ſeem ſomething round in the belly.
Nell anſwer'd him ſnappiſhly, How can that be,
When my huſband has been more than two years at ſea?
Thy huſband! quoth Dick: why that matter was carry'd
Moſt ſecretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert marry'd.

On a FART, let in the Houſe of Commons.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I ſmelt, and ſo I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæſar's was *my* death,
Who in the Senate loſt his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE

THE

MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia ſhares,
First writes a *billet-doux*, then ſays her prayers;
Her maſs and toilet; veſpers and the play;
Thus God and Aſhtaroth divide the day:
Conſtant ſhe keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Eaſter calls all Iſrael to her tent:
Looſe without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She ſtill repeats the ſins ſhe would conceal.
Envy herſelf from Silvia's life muſt grant,
An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE

PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd ſomething like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miſcarry;
HE, that does heaven and earth control,
Alone has power to form a ſoul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God;
'Squire Wallis, you will ſcarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, Madam, may with ſafety go,
Decrees of deſtiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happineſs ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To choſen favourites of Heaven.
But, ſuch is my uncertain ſtate,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predeſtinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No ſecrets elſe, that mortals learn,
My cares deſerve, or life concern:
But this will ſo important be,
I dread to ſearch the dark decree;
For, while the ſmalleſt hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain diſtant views my fancy pleaſe,
And give ſome intermitting eaſe:
But, ſhould the ſtars too plainly ſhow
That you have doom'd my endleſs woe,

No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild deſpair.
This ſecret then I dare not know,
And other truths are uſeleſs now.
What matters, if unbleſt in love,
How long or ſhort my life will prove?
To gratify what low deſire,
Should I with needleſs haſte inquire
How great, how wealthy I ſhall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It muſt proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had treſpaſs'd on the fold,
And the robb'd ſhepherd his ſad ſtory told;
"Call in Alcides," ſaid a crafty prieſt;
"Give him one half, and he'll ſecure the reſt."
No! ſaid the ſhepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly reſign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, troth! to me there ſeems but little odds,
Who prove the greateſt robbers, wolves or gods!

TO

A FRIEND,

ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay bleſt in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights in one he preſt her in his arms;
The ſun lay ſet, and conſcious Nature ſtrove
To ſhade her God, and to prolong his love.
From that auſpicious night Alcides came;
What leſs could riſe from Jove, and ſuch a dame?
May this auſpicious night with that compare,
Nor leſs the joys, nor leſs the riſing heir;
He ſtrong as Jove, ſhe like Alcmæna fair!

THE

WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART.

POST-MASTER, AND PAY-MASTER-GENERAL TO QUEEN ANNE.

WILL Piggot * muſt to Coxwould † go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unleſs Sir Thomas ſay, No, no;
Th' allowance is too ſcant.

* This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.

† Twelve miles north beyond the city of York.

The

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat:
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will muſt live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal ſoul regale.

Spare diet, and ſpring-water clear,
Phyſicians hold are good:
Who diets thus need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But paſs—The Æſculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the beſt,
They ſeldom miſs to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their faſt.

Could Yorkſhire-tyke but do the ſame,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To ſtarve thou doſt him drive.

In Will's old maſter's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be bleſt!
What need of ſpeaking in his praiſe?
His goodneſs ſtands confeſt.

At his fam'd gate ſtood Charity,
In lovely ſweet array;
Ceres and Hoſpitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be conciſe,
Truth muſt Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in diſguiſe,
For naked ſtill is ſhe.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can ſet the Pilgrim free,
And make him ceaſe to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

O! ſave him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he muſt hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends aſtray,
At Coxwould he muſt die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but ſtand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'ſt command;
Thus William's wiſhes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muſes ſpoke the Cyprian Dame;
"Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
"My ſon ſhall elſe aſſume his potent darts,
"Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts!"
The Muſes anſwer'd, "Venus, we deride
"The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
"Send him to nymphs who ſleep on Ida's ſhade,
"To the looſe dance, and wanton maſquerade;

"Our

" Our thoughts are ſettled, and intent our look,
" On the inſtructive verſe, and moral book:
" On female idleneſs his power relies;
" But, when he finds us ſtudying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aſide,
A ruſtic wallet o'er his ſhoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new miſchief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whiſtled, and his wheat he ſow'd;
Then ſat and laugh'd, and to the ſkies above
Raiſing his eye, he thus inſulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful ſtorms reſtrain,
And, as I bid you, let it ſhine or rain;
Elſe you again beneath my yoke ſhall bow,
Feel the ſharp goad, and draw the ſervile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

Talking of you, ſaid he, my dear,
Two of the greateſt wits in town,
One aſk'd if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

Her own! moſt certain, t'other ſaid;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was ſign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent ſhe,
Who values wit much leſs than ſenſe,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence)

Reply'd, theſe friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to ſatire!
But pr'ythee, huſband, let one hear
Sometimes leſs wit, and more good-nature.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have ſpoil'd your friend's conceit:
Some hair I have, I'm ſure, unbought:
Pray bring your brother wits to ſee't.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when ſtars appear,
And ſtrong Boötes turns the bear;
When mortals ſleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,

Cupid

Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who's there! ſays I, who knocks ſo late,
Diſturbs my dreams, and breaks my reſt?
"O fear not me, a harmleſs gueſt,
He ſaid, but open, open, pray!
A fooliſh child, I've loſt my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light."
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then roſe, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And ſaw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haſte I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtleſs of my fate:
I ſet the child an eaſy chair
Againſt the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton miſchief bent,
Said, Deareſt friend, this bow you ſee,
This pretty bow belongs to me:
Obſerve, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has ſpoil'd it quite.
He drew it then, and ſtrait I found
Within my breaſt a ſecret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer ſtaid,
But leapt away, and laughing ſaid,
"Kind hoſt, adieu! we now muſt part;
"Safe is my bow, but ſick thy heart!"

TO A
POET OF QUALITY,
PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

OF thy judicious Muſe's ſenſe,
Young Hinchinbroke ſo very proud is,
That Sachariſſa and Hortenſe
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.
Yet ſhe to one muſt ſtill ſubmit,
To dear Mamma muſt pay her duty;
She wonders, praiſing Wilmot's wit,
Thou ſhould'ſt forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any ſubject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He ſhould poſſeſs to all degrees
The art of talk; he practiſes
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

SO good a wife doth Liſſy make,
That from all company ſhe flieth;
Such virtuous courſes doth ſhe take,
That ſhe all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her deareſt ſpouſe's ſake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boaſt of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at thoſe who of their ills complain;
That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,
And Stella's plumpneſs into dropſy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their diſtempers ſeen.
But thou, for all thy ſeeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's ſkill;
No lenitives can thy diſeaſe aſſuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in priſon or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deſerve thy frown,
In vain, malicious Fortune, haſt thou try'd,
By taking from my ſtate, to quell my pride:
Inſulting girl! thy preſent rage abate,
And, would'ſt thou have me humbled, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields ſeek new delight;
My Phillis does ſuch joys inſpire,
No other objects pleaſe my ſight.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landſcape grace:
No ſhade ſo lovely as her hair,
Nor plain ſo ſweet as in her face.

Lilies and roſes there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Tranſparent is her ſkin ſo fine,
To this each cryſtal ſtream muſt yield.

Her voice more ſweet than warbling ſound,
Though ſung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes ſuch luſtre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the ſun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cheriſh'd by them, my love takes root,
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made tranſgreſs our mother Eve:
Poiſon its core, though fair its rind.

Yet ſo delicious is its taſte,
I cannot from the bait abſtain,
But to th' inchanting pleaſure haſte,
Though I were ſure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

NO—I'll endure ten thouſand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh, Sir! no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand ſo high!

Oh! take your ſword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted ſee me meet the wound;
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A ſecond Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the preſſing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by Love to be undone,
In broken dying accents ſaid.

Delia, who held the conſcious door,
Inſpir'd by truth and brandy, ſmil'd.
Knowing that, ſixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her ſecond child.

And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the Squire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then loſt my Delia's aid?
Where ſhall forſaken virtue run,
If by her friend ſhe is betray'd?

Oh! curſe on empty friendſhip's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear deſtroyer of my fame,
Let my laſt ſuccour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-ſick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis * of Ephraim heard Rocheſter † preach,
Thus Bentley ſaid to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'ſt thou this ſermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, ſaid Willis, and ours is another.
I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
We preach very ſadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM ‡.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without ſtop or ſtay,
As you value your peace, make the beſt of your way.
Though at preſent arreſted by Death's caitiff paw,
If he ſtirs, he may ſtill have recourſe to the law.

* Biſhop of Glouceſter.
† Biſhop Atterbury.
‡ See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works, ed. 1751.

And in the King's-bench ſhould a verdict be found,
That by livery and ſeiſin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himſelf what is ſtrictly his due,
And an action of treſpaſs will ſtraightway enſue,
That you without right on his premiſes tread,
On a ſimple ſurmiſe that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he ſays, and dies;
"In ſure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of theſe two learned peers, I pr'ythee, ſay, man,
Who is the lying knave, the prieſt, or layman?
The Duke he ſtands an infidel confeſt,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly Prieſt.
The Duke, though knave, ſtill "Brother dear," he cries;
And who can ſay the reverend Prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I ſay, or honeſt fame,
I mean the ſubſtance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and ſtars,
Which often is by merit ſought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;

The

The ſhade, for which Ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Aſhmole's † books)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honeſt deeds,
Which we in our own breaſt perceive,
And Kings can neither take nor give.

E N I G M A

ON PAM AT LOO.

BY birth I'm a ſlave, yet can give you a crown,
I diſpoſe of all honours, myſelf having none;
I'm oblig'd by juſt maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own maſter, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly ſneak,
And their cudgels and ſhovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er ſo well ſet.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then preſently take off your lands from your hands.
But, this fury once over, I've ſuch winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

A N O T H E R.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We ſiſters owe to art our ſecond birth;
The ſmith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.

* Titles of Honour. † Order of the Garter.

Swifter

Swifter they move, as they are ſtraiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
They ſerve the poor for uſe, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, ſwim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam firſt began,
None but ungodly Woolſton doubts;
And that his ſon, and his ſon's ſon,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his ruſtic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's ſons,
And ſons of Anſtis * by election.

Kingſale! eight hundred years have roll'd
Since thy forefathers held the plow;
When this in ſtory ſhall be told,
Add, that my kindred do ſo now.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent ſtate,
Who never begs, and ſeldom eats,
Himſelf can fix or change his fate.

* Garter King at Arms.

THE

INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE PREACHILL admires what we laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleaſure are ſway'd:
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his maid.

To ſuppreſs all his carnal deſires in their birth,
At all hours a luſty young huſſy is near:
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this earth,
He can be content with two thouſand a year.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

WHY thus from the plain does my ſhepherdeſs rove,
Forſaking her ſwain, and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you ſee how I die,
Oh! give ſome relief to the ſwain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to ſay,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my ſheep run aſtray?
Need I tell what I mean, that I languiſh alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may gueſs 'tis for one.

A CASE

A CASE STATED.

NOW how ſhall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear Dick *, give me counſel, if friendſhip has any;
Pry'thee purge, or let blood! ſurly Richard reply'd,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny†.

While I pleaded with paſſion how much I deſerv'd,
For the pains and the torments of more than a year;
She look'd in an almanack, whence ſhe obſerv'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'l'mew fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her ſpark ſaying nothing talks better than I.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted ſight,
And therefore pardon'd when ſhe did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as ſhe wanted eyes, ſhe could not hear;
I begg'd that ſhe would give me leave to loſe,
A thing ſhe does not commonly refuſe!

* Mr. Shelton. † Mrs. Durham.

Two matadores are out againſt my game,
Yet ſtill I play, and ſtill my luck's the ſame:
Unconquer'd in three ſuits it does remain,
Whereas I only aſk in one to gain;
Yet ſhe, ſtill contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives ſucceſs in every ſuit—but hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents ſpoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond deſire.

Oh! raiſe thy voice! one ſong I aſk;
Touch then thy harmonious ſtring:
To Thyrſis eaſy is the taſk,
Who can ſo ſweetly play and ſing.

Two kiſſes from my mother dear,
Thyrſis, thy due reward ſhall be;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I ſtrait reply'd, Thou know'ſt alone
That brighteſt Chloe rules my breaſt:
I'll ſing thee two inſtead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me bleſt.

One

One kiſs from Chloe's lips, no more,
I crave: He promis'd me ſucceſs;
I play'd with all my ſkill and power,
My glowing paſſion to expreſs.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wiſh'd reward beſtow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has ſaid,
And, by thy grant, his power ſhow?

TO THE

EARL of OXFORD.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S STUDY, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper, ſend
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodneſs, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE

HONOURABLE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my firſt epiſtle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and cloſe of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double beauty ſay your prayer:
Our Father firſt,—then, *Notre Pere:*
And, deareſt child, along the day,
In every thing you do and ſay,
Obey and pleaſe my lord and lady,
So God ſhall love, and angels aid ye.
If to theſe precepts you attend,
No ſecond letter need I ſend,
And ſo I reſt your conſtant friend.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON THE SMALL-COAL-MAN, PAINTED BY MR. WOOLASTON

THOUGH doom'd to ſmall-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Muſick's beſt patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:

In Greece or Rome ſure never did appear
So bright a genius, in ſo dark a ſphere:
More of the man had artfully been ſav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext Pontia no way could this theſis allow,
"You're a cuckold, ſays ſhe; do I tell you truth now?"

WRITTEN IN LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him ſome relief,
Rang'd his unruly ſighs, and ſet his grief;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, ſometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the deſtin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not ſhew the dart;
What eaſe could Ovid to his ſorrows give,
Who muſt not ſpeak, and therefore cannot live?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I Pray, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble ſervant,
ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I Pray Lady Harriot the time to aſſign
When ſhe ſhall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

IF wit or honeſty could ſave
Our mouldering aſhes from the grave,
This ſtone had ſtill remain'd unmark'd,
I ſtill writ proſe, True ſtill have bark'd.
But envious Fate has claim'd its due;
Here lies the mortal part of True:
His deathleſs virtues muſt ſurvive,
To better us that are alive.
His prudence and his wit were ſeen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen.

By

By long obedience he confeſt
That ſerving her was to be bleſt—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beaſts, and dogs have ſenſe!
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter thoſe
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er ſkulk'd from whence his ſovereign led him,
Or ſnarl'd againſt the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye ſtateſmen now in favour,
And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were ſafe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the packets were loſt?
Theſe were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Poſt.

THE VICEROY, A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF, LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

OF Nero, tyrant, petty king*,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will ſing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reaſons you ſhall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himſelf did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would ſtill ſet free,
But guiltleſs men enthral.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curſe and dogmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

* Lord Coningſby, one of the lords juſtices of Ireland.

A patriot

A patriot * of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upſtart Viceroy's tyranny,
Againſt him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded ſtand
Againſt this peerleſs peer,
Search but the archives of the land†,
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and juſtly I'll recite
His treaſons to you all,
The heads ſet in their native light
(And ſigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traiterouſly he did abuſe
The power in him repos'd,
And wickedly the ſame did uſe,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

* The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningſby.

† Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

Free-

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Proteſtants; his love to ſhow,
Than Papiſt us'd them worſe.

On all proviſions deſtin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and ſore,
Though many men were ſick.

The ſutlers too he did ordain
For licences ſhould pay,
Which they refus'd with juſt diſdain,
And fled the camp away.

By which proviſions were ſo ſcant,
That hundreds there did die;
The ſoldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He ſo much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or ſee;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *pardie*.

That, above and againſt all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council ſitting, helliſh ſpite,
The farmer's fate decree:

That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straitway ſhould hanged be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worſt;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurſt.

In this conciſe deſpotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honeſt men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real eſtate,
He ſettled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can ſay't.

Beſides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own ſcribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him proſecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the ſtile:
With Satan who diſpute!

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done't, I trow,
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewiſe traiterouſly,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himſelf moſt knaviſhly;
O thief without compare!

Vaſt quantities of ſtores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's ſtores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited eſtates alſo,
Both real and perſonal,
Did with the ſtores together go,
Fierce Cerberus ſwallow'd all.

Mean while the ſoldiers ſigh'd and ſobb'd,
For not one ſous had they;
His excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had ſunk their pay.

Nero, without the leaſt diſguiſe,
The papiſts at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Proteſtants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To reſt themſelves content.

For he did baſely them refuſe
All legal remedy;
The Romans ſtill he well did uſe,
Still ſcreen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I ſhall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The beſt of Queens he hath revil'd,
Before and ſince her death;
He, cruel and ungrateful, ſmil'd
When ſhe reſign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him beſtow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But liſten, Nero, lend thy ears,
As ſtill thou haſt them on;
Hear what Britannia ſays with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

"Oh! ſacred be her memory,
"For ever dear her name!
"There never was, nor e'er can be,
"A brighter, juſter dame.

"Bleſt be my ſons, and eke all thoſe
"Who on her praiſes dwell!
"She conquer'd Britain's fierceſt foes,
"She did all queens excel.

"All princes, kings, and potentates,
"Ambaſſadors did ſend:
"All nations, provinces, and ſtates,
"Sought Anna for their friend.

"In Anna they did all confide,
"For Anna they could truſt:
"Her royal faith they all had try'd,
"For Anna ſtill was juſt

"Truth,

" Truth, mercy, juſtice, did ſurround
" Her awful judgment-ſeat,
" In her the Graces all were found,
" In Anna all complete.

" She held the ſword and balance right,
" And ſought her people's good;
" In clemency ſhe did delight,
" Her reign not ſtain'd with blood.

" Her gracious goodneſs, piety,
" In all her deeds did ſhine,
" And bounteous was her charity;
" All attributes divine.

" Conſummate wiſdom, meekneſs all,
" Adorn'd the words ſhe ſpoke,
" When they from her fair lips did fall;
" And ſweet her lovely look.

" Ten thouſand glorious deeds to crown,
" She caus'd dire war to ceaſe:
" A greater empreſs ne'er was known;
" She fix'd the world in peace.

" This laſt and godlike act achiev'd,
" To heaven ſhe wing'd her flight:
" Her loſs with tears all Europe griev'd;
" Their ſtrength, and dear delight.

" Leave we in bliſs this heavenly ſaint,
" Revere, ye juſt, her urn;
" Her virtues high and excellent,
" Aſtrea gone we mourn.

" Commemorate

« Commemorate, my ſons, the day
« Which gave great Anna birth :
« Keep it for ever and for aye,
« And annual be your mirth !"

Illuſtrious George now fills the throne,
Our wiſe benign good king :
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions ſing ?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raiſe to high degree !
Well thou thy honours haſt ſuſtain'd,
Well vouch'd thy anceſtry.

But paſs—Theſe honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white ?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou haſt ſhed,
Thy guilty ſoul affright ?

Oh ! are there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliſs and woe ?
Oh ! is there not a heaven, a hell ?
But whither wilt thou go ?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind ?
Wilt thou for ever rail ?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And ſet thy wit to ſale.

How thou art loſt to ſenſe and ſhame,
Three countries witneſs be :
Thy conduct all juſt men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine !

Dame Juſtice waits thee, well I ween,
Her ſword is brandiſh'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance ſcreen,
Nor canſt thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering ſteel is ſure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once ſincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR*.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

FAIR Sylvia, ceaſe to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange Deities adore.

* By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have aſcribed them. N.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thouſand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I ſaw thoſe eyes,
'Twas ſoon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forſake the ſkies,
And vaniſh into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never ſettle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

FOR many unſucceſsful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Deſpair'd, but durſt not pray.

No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of any ſaint above,
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the diſdainful dame look'd down
With an inſulting pride;
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or toſs'd her head aſide.

When Cupid whiſper'd in my ear,
" Uſe more prevailing charms,
" Fond, whining, modeſt fool, draw near,
" And claſp her in your arms.

" With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
" From Cynthia's feet depart;
" The lips he warmly muſt invade,
" Who would poſſeſs the heart."

With that I ſhook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what ſhe for years
Had fooliſhly deny'd.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN IN THE SPRING.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's ſhade,
With folded arms and eyes caſt down,
Gently repos'd his love-ſick head:
Whilſt Thyrſis ſporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the diſcontented youth complain:

" Aſk not the cauſe why ſickly flowers
" Faintly recline their drooping heads;
" As fearful of approaching ſhowers,
" They ſtrive to hide them in their beds,
" Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
" And feel with him a ſympathy of woe.

" Chloris

" Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
" Regardleſs of her dying ſwain,
" Leaves him to languiſh, to deſpair,
" And murmur out in ſighs his pain.
" The fugitive to fair Auguſta flies,
" To make new ſlaves, and gain new victories.
" So reſtleſs monarchs, though poſſeſs'd
" Of all that we call ſtate or power,
" Fancy themſelves but meanly bleſt,
" Vainly ambitious ſtill of more.
" Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
" Not ſatisfy'd with private ſway at home."

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE*, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR.

" In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
" In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant."

A LADY once (ſo ſtories ſay)
By rats and mice infeſted,
With gins and traps long ſought to ſlay
The thieves; but ſtill they ſcap'd away,
And daily her moleſted.

* The hints of this and the following Fable appear to have originated from " The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats," printed in " The General Poſtſcript," Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both aſcribed to Dr. Swift. N.

Great havock 'mongſt her cheeſe was made,
And much the loſs did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin ſwift as lightning flew,
Thouſands of mice he daily ſlew,
Thouſands of rats defeated.

Ne'er cat before ſuch glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats out-ſhone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him ſhe did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, ſhe ſwears ſhe won't
To ſee the cat regarded;
But firmly is reſolv'd upon't,
And vows, that, whatſoe'er comes on't,
She'll have the cat diſcarded.

She begs, ſhe ſtorms, ſhe fawns, ſhe frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pet,
Grimalkin coſt her more in meat
Than all the rats deſtroy'd.

At length this ſpiteful waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To ſatisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again reſtor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuouſly kept at bed and board,
And he (ſo Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin ſave her.

Nab much exults at this ſucceſs,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does careſs,
And tells her, Fubb can do no leſs
Than all her foes deſtroy.

But vain ſuch hopes; the mice that fled
Return, now Grim's diſcarded;
Whilſt Fubb till ten, on ſilken bed,
Securely lolls his drowſy head,
And leaves cheeſe unregarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatſoe'er the vermin ſpare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them ſhare,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and ſlander Grim;
Nab ſays, the cat comes out of ſpight,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn ſecure in garret high,
Nor cheeſecake ſafe in cloſet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every ſhelf the vermin prey;
And ſtill Grimalkin does it.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had ſpoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheeſe alſo.

With this ſame lady once there liv'd
A truſty ſervant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And haſten'd to her aid.

Much art ſhe us'd for to diſcloſe
And find out the deceit;
At length ſhe to the lady goes,
Diſcovers her domeſtic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the ſenſe of her miſtake,
The lady, diſcontented,
Reſolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forſake,
Leſt ſhe again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT: A FABLE.*

A WIDOW kept a favourite cat,
At firſt a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown ſleek and fat,
With many a mouſe, and many a rat,
He ſoon diſclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly ſlunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces ſold;
And Puſs grew lion-hearted.

* In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII. 454, this Fable is ſaid to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519, where it is *applied* to the Duke of Marlborough, it is ſaid to be by Swift or Prior. N.

He

He ſcratch'd her maid, he ſtole the cream,
He tore her beſt lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling 'ſcapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wiſely did decree,
For fear he ſhould diſpatch more,
That the falſe wretch ſhould worried be;
But in a ſaucy manner he
Thus ſpeech'd it like a Lechmere*:

"Muſt I, againſt all right and law,
"Like pole-cat vile be treated?
"I, who ſo long with tooth and claw,
"Have kept domeſtic mice in awe,
"And foreign foes defeated!

"Your golden pippins, and your pies,
"How oft have I defended!
"'Tis true, the pinner which you prize,
"I tore in frolick; to your eyes
"I never harm intended.

"I am a cat of honour."—"Stay!"
Quoth ſhe, "no longer parley;
"Whate'er you did in battle ſlay,
"By law of arms, became your prey:
"I hope you won it fairly.

* The celebrated lawyer. N.

"Of

" Of this we'll grant you ſtand acquit,
" But not of your outrages:
" Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
" To make my cream a perquiſite,
" And ſteal, to mend your wages?

" So flagrant is thy inſolence,
" So vile thy breach of truſt is,
" That longer with thee to diſpenſe,
" Were want of power, or want of ſenſe—
" Here, Towzer!—do him juſtice."

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. Set by Mr. Abel.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diſeaſes;
Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
Only friendſhip truly pleaſes.
My wealth, my books, my flaſk, my Molly;
Farewell all, if friendſhip ceaſes.

II. Set

II. Set by Mr. Purcell.

WHITHER would my paſſion run
Shall I fly her, or purſue her?
Loſing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breaſt,
Love and Reaſon! ceaſe your war,
And order Death to give me reſt;
So each will equal triumph ſhare.

III. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
With ſuch rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I ſo much prize.

But I plainly ſee the reaſon,
Why in vain I you purſued;
Her to gain 'twas out of ſeaſon,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. Set by Mr. Smith.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart:
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now muſt part.

You

You ſigh and weep; the Gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall:
Our joy and grief with like reſpect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our ſtate:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourſelf to grief reſign;
Who knows but that thoſe powers may,
The pair they now have parted, join?

But ſince they have thus cruel been,
And could ſuch conſtant lovers ſever;
I dare not truſt, leſt, now they're in,
They ſhould divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what ſcore;
This our laſt parting look believe,
Believe we muſt embrace no more.

Yet ſhould our ſun ſhine out at laſt,
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling caſt,
To make two wandering lovers meet;

How great then would our pleaſure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to ſee
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But ſay, ſhould Heaven bring no relief,
Suppoſe our ſun ſhould never riſe:
Why then what's due to ſuch a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

V. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
What for her ſake I undergo;
Tell her for her how I ſuſtain
A lingering fever's waſting pain;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only ſhe can cure.

But, oh! ſhe ſcorns to hear, or ſee,
The wretch that lies ſo low as me;
Her ſudden greatneſs turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. Set by Mr. Smith.

PHILLIS, ſince we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill;
Tell me what pleaſure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainſt her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain,
Keep in ſome glowings of deſire;
But ſtill thoſe glowings which remain,
Are only aſhes of the fire.

Then

Then let us free each other's ſoul,
And laugh at the dull conſtant fool,
Who would Love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impoſitions ſet,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleaſure firſt we met,
So now for pleaſure let us part.

We both have ſpent our ſtock of love,
So conſequently ſhould be free;
Thyrſis expects you in yon' grove,
And pretty Chloris ſtays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modeſtly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me ſo dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a ſham:
Since any one may plainly ſee,
You'd only ſave yourſelf with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. Set

VIII. Set by Mr. Smith.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore,
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myſelf to leave you.

Staying, I my vows ſhall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows ſtronger;
Fierce deſires will ſure prevail;
You are fair, and I am frail,
And dare truſt myſelf no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Leſt I ſhould have gain'd the treaſure,
Made my vows and oaths deſtroy
The pleaſing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleaſure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in ſilence hid my anguiſh,
But I cannot promiſe too
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languiſh.

For in thee ſtrange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof againſt thoſe eyes,
Beſt reſolves and ſtricteſt ties
To their force muſt ſoon ſurrender.

But,

But, Dorinda, you're ſevere,
I moſt doating, thus to ſever;
Since from all I hold moſt dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myſelf for ever.

IX. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

IS it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts ſo ſeldom ſympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'ſt make two youthful hearts
One amorous ſhaft obey;
'Twould ſave thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy ſway.

Forbear, alas! thus to deſtroy
Thyſelf, thy growing power;
For that which would be ſtretch'd by joy,
Deſpair will ſoon devour.

Ah! wound then my relentleſs fair,
For thy own ſake and mine;
That boundleſs bliſs may be my ſhare,
And double glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. Smith.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you ſo ſad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you ſtark-mad.

'Tis the miſtreſs, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleaſure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the moſt cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it ſtrengthens the other.

XI. Set by Mr. Smith.

SINCE my words, though ne'er ſo tender,
With ſincereſt truth expreſt,
Cannot make your heart ſurrender,
Nor ſo much as warm your breaſt:

What will move the ſprings of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou myſterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover,
Thus, by ſeeming not to know
What ſo plainly all diſcover,
What his eyes ſo plainly ſhew.

Fair one, 'tis yourſelf deceiving,
'Tis againſt your reaſon's law:
Atheiſt-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to diſbelieve the cauſe.

XII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without deſign,
Can never loſe the ſmalleſt part
Of ſuch a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thouſand ſeveral ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While paſſion, which her beauties raiſe,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Muſt it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor diſſembling art?
Tell the ſecret, ſhew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am loſt if we're aſunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

TOUCH the lyre, on every ſtring,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will ſing
A ſong which ſhall immortal be;
Since ſhe I ſing's a deity;
A Leonora, whoſe bleſt birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV. Set by Mr. Smith.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been ſo ſtill!
Enjoying ſweeteſt liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not maſter of my heart,
Cupid does ſo decide,
That two ſhe-tyrants ſhall it part,
And ſo poor me divide.

Victoria's will I muſt obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has ſuch a taking way,
She charms my very ſoul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and ſmiles,
Into her ſnares I run:
Victoria ſhews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not ſhun.

From one I fancy every kiſs
Has ſomething in't divine;
And, awful, taſte the balmy bliſs,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though ſhe be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis ſweet with ſuch a laſs
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you ſee a ſhared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecaſt,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches faſt,
When both muſt quit the field.

XVI. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

FAREWELL, Amynta, we muſt part;
The charm has loſt its power,
Which held ſo faſt my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadſt thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er ſo ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee ſtill.

But know, my ſoul diſdains thy ſway,
And ſcorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliſs you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much diſdain'd
By me, and ſcorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have ſpent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almoſt relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Becauſe thou hadſt my love.

XVII. Set by Mr. Smith.

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your ſlave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who, with it, would the world have ſent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow ſhall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

NANNY bluſhes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly ſays, I ſhall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! ſhe cries.

But her breaſts while I am preſſing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd ſhe ſeems to taſte the bleſſing,
And her kiſſes anſwer mine.

Unde-

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently puſh me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. Set by Mr. Smith.

SINCE we your huſband daily ſee
So jealous out of ſeaſon,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him ſo with reaſon.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A ſot, within thy arms,
Taſting the moſt divine delight,
Should fully all your charms.

While fretting I muſt lie alone,
Curſing the powers divine,
That undeſervedly have thrown
A pearl unto a ſwine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning paſſion cool;
Let me, at leaſt, in thee have part
With thy inſipid fool.

XX. Set by C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I ſhall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's ſtill refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonſenſe out of meaſure,
Without ending, thus to ſee
Women forc'd to taſte a pleaſure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly ſhare you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or cenſure ſpare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the ſwains on you attending
Show how much your charms deſerve;
But, miſer-like, for fear of ſpending,
You amidſt your plenty ſtarve:

While a thouſand freer laſſes,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty their's ſurpaſſes,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
Haſte to the bower thy ſwain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And ſtrew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my ſheep ſhall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my ſheep are dumb.

Great

Great God of Love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the ſheep, to her ſo dear;
My own, alas! are leſs my care.
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay,
Though the wolf prowl, and the ſheep ſtray.

XXII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And ſnatch'd ſo ſoon from thoſe dear arms,
Againſt my will I muſt obey,
And leave thoſe ſweet endearing charms.

Yet ſtill love on, and never fear,
But you and conſtancy will prove
Enough my preſent flame to bear,
And make me, though in abſence, love.

For, though your preſence fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing ſmart;
And can, with undiſcerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To eaſe his tortur'd breaſt;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jeſt.

Ah!

Ah! fair-one, why to me ſo coy?
And why to him ſo true,
Who with more coldneſs ſlights the joy,
Than I with love purſue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
For, ſince ſhe gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your ſcorn outlive,
'Twere folly; ſince to me
Not love itſelf a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV. Set by Mr. De Fesch.

WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But ſelf-conceitedneſs does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a ſight:
I rag'd; for I could not eſpy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Diſguis'd in that delight.

At laſt, my wiſhes to fulfil,
They did their power reſign;
I ſaw her; but I wiſh I ſtill
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will ſubmit,
And think that beſt which they think fit,
Without the leaſt regret.

XXV. Set by Mr. C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handſome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For ſhe's merciful and kind,
Beauty's anſwer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never ſparing,
And, as all good Chriſtians ſhould,
Keeps poor mortals from deſpairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them;
So, providing 'gainſt all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd deſire,
Should ſhe not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help deſpairing?
Let cruel fate us ſtill purſue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas ſhe alone could calm my ſoul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more you'll hear my pipe or ſong,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, ſince we mun ſever;
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, ſince we parted,
I have never known delight:
And ſhall ſoon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her ſight.

Tell

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Curſing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not diſtant places,
Will ſhe be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er ſhall ſhake my conſtant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph, or that ſwain,
Deareſt Nelly the lovely I'll ſing;
She ſhall grace every verſe,
I'll her beauties rehearſe,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes ſhine as bright
As ſtars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

Her breath, like a roſe,
Its ſweets does diſcloſe,
Whenever you raviſh a kiſs;
Like ivory inchas'd,
Her teeth are well-plac'd,
An exquiſite beauty ſhe is.

Her

Her plump breaſts are white,
Delighting the ſight,
There Cupid diſcovers her charms;
Oh! ſpare then the reſt,
And think of the beſt:
'Tis Heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Briſk, lively, and gay;
The Graces play all round about her:
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrouſly pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

AD

COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM 1684.

AD JANUM.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima ſic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum ſacra novis redimuntur tempora ſertis,
Neſtoreos poſcant fœmina virque dies;
Caſſide depoſitâ, placidè ſic nuncia pacis
Janua ſopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant feſtivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus ſeu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali ſola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina faſtu,
O! bene carminibus conſule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
O! ſuperis ipſis ſacra ſit illa dies:
Sacra ſit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illuſtris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum geſtit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pene dediſſe parem.

AD

DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audiviſſem, & expertus ipſe ſæpiſſimè laudaſſem, & pudor & triſtitia conſcio mihi ſilentium indixiſſent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri neſciunt) perque tuum iſthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læſi, ſolicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoſcas, & obliteres crimen, ut non ſolùm ad condiſcipulorum menſam, ſed ad magiſtri gratiam reſtituatur, favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM

AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læſus Apollo ſagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœſta Thalia preces;
Qualeſcunque poteſt jejuno promere cantu:
Heu mihi non eſt res ingenioſa fames!
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
Latrantis ſtomachi ſterilis nec paſcis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Caſtalis unda ſitim.

Tum

Tum bene laſſatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
  Pieriaſque merum nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depreſſa jacet vel Muſa Maronis,
  Flet culicem eſuriens qui ſatur arma canit.
O ſi Mæcenas major mihi riſerit, O ſi
  Fulgenti ſolitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie poſt jejunia, Muſa
  Inciperet præſul grandia, teque loqui.

M. P.

"—DUM BIBIMUS—
"OBREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS."

SISTE mero bibulas effuſo temporis alas,
  Heſternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; uſque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
  Canitiemque caput ſentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, & properans in funus necte corollas,
  Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepſydra Saturni tua nec cryſtallina diſtant,
  Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
  Dat roſa de ſertis lapſa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
  Ut citiùs rumpat ſtamina, Bacchus adeſt.
Deſtituit cæcum ſubito ſol ebrius orbem,
  Occaſum tremulo narrat adeſſe rubor. M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI

THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν.

VICIMUS, exultans fauſto crepat omine Daphnis,
Teſtaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudâſti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi ſubtegmina Parcis?
Quis meritos æquum deſtituiſſe Jovem?
Cum virtute tuum creſcit decus, aucte ſacerdos,
Impatienſque breves ſpernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
Cui ſemel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suſpirans partas queritur marceſcere frondes,
Et parat elapſas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ eſt:
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma viri decuit tempora, mitra ſenis. M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum conſenſus, bonorumque omnium ſtudia infulam merenti conceſſerint, ignoſcas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi

populi plauſum cliens eò minus ad enarrandum ſufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in eccleſiâ honores & eccleſiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem feſtinet gratulari, favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

AD

FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Muſa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
O ſi te canerem, præſul venerabilis, O ſi
Fiſtula cum titulis creſceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Muſa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid niſi vota ſuperſunt?
Imbelles humeros nobile laſſat onus.
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præſul
Quod laudem ſuperes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unuſquiſque collaudet & honores gratuletur, noſtræ V. R. audaciæ ignoſcat tua benignitas, ſi minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentiſſimo tamen ſtudio accenſus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benigniſſimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, ſummoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

"QUICQUID VULT, VALDE VULT."

DUM tingit Siculus ſolis cœlique meatus,
Aſtra poloſque tuos quos ſibi condit habet,
Nil facit inſtantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Uſque ſed egregium ſedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat ſibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN

COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM.
1689.

Lemma, "Suſtentare et Debellare."

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleuſis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I noſtra Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hoſtem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines ſuperes, atque imitêre Deos.

EPITA-

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S. Caroli Montague,
Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantonienſi
Filius natu ſextus,
Henrici Comitis de Mancheſter nepos,
Scholiæ Regiæ Weſtmonaſterienſis Alumnus,
Collegi S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigienſis Socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in diſpari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium diſciplinis inſtructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conſpectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum decus & præſidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in ſenatu ſolertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, juſtitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fiſci rebus opportunè ſubveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter abſolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impreſſis chartulis

Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis & patriæ & principis gratiam conſecutus,
Familiam ſuam diu illuſtrem, illuſtriorem reddidit;
Baro ſcilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus acceſſit.
Summo denique Periſcelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefeſſus adhuc conſultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod deſideravit, & meruit, vix tandem aſſecutus;
(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis M.DCC.XV.
Ætatis ſuæ LIV.
Patruo de ſe optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight:
As to his Profeſſion,
In accuſing cautious; in defending vehement;
In all his pleadings ſedate, clear, and ſtrong;
In all his deciſions unprejudic'd and equitable.
He ſtudied, practiſed, and governed the Law
In ſuch a manner, that
Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence:
Nothing excelled both, except his juſtice.
As to his Life,

He

He poſſeſſed, by a natural happineſs,
All thoſe civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to theſe, by divine goodneſs, were added
That fervent zeal and extenſive charity,
Which diſtinguiſh the perfect Chriſtian!
The tree is known by his fruit.
He was a loving huſband, and an indulgent father,
A conſtant friend, and a charitable patron;
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cauſe, and relieving the neceſſities,
of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends:
"To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this ſtone,
Be wiſe, and be inſtructed.

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END OF PRIOR'S POEMS.

POEMS

BY

MR. CONGREVE.

"——Minuentur atræ
"Carmine curæ."

HOR.

TO

MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS PLAYS AND POEMS.

BY

MRS. ELIZABETH TOLLET*.

CONGREVE! the juſteſt glory of our age!
The whole Menander of the Engliſh ſtage!
Thy comic Muſe, in each complete deſign,
Does manly ſenſe and ſprightly wit combine.
And ſure the Theatre was meant a ſchool,
To laſh the vicious, and expoſe the fool;
The wilful fool, whoſe wit is always ſhewn
To hit another's fault and miſs his own,
Laughs at himſelf, when by thy ſkill expreſt,
And always in his neighbour finds the jeſt.
A fame from vulgar characters to raiſe
Is every Poet's labour, and his praiſe:
They, fearful, coaſt; while you forſake the ſhore,
And undiſcover'd worlds of wit explore,
Enrich the ſcene with characters unknown,
There plant your colonies, and fix your throne.
Let Maſkwell's treacheries and Touchwood's rage,
Let rugged Ben, and Foreſight's timorous age,
And Heartwell's ſullen paſſion, grace the ſtage.

* Daughter of George Tollet, Eſq. who, as a commiſſioner of the navy, had a houſe in the Tower in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne. Sir Iſaac Newton honoured both him and his daughter with his friendſhip, and was much pleaſed with ſome of her firſt eſſays.

Then

Then let half-critics veil their idle ſpite,
For he knows beſt to rail, who worſt can write.
Let juſter ſatire now employ thy pen,
To tax the vicious on the world's great ſcene;
There the Reformer's praiſe the Poet ſhares,
And boldly laſhes whom the Zealot ſpares.
Ye Britiſh Fair! could your bright eyes refuſe
A pitying tear to grace his tragic Muſe?
Can generous Oſmyn ſigh beneath his chain,
Or the diſtreſs'd Almeria weep in vain?
A kindly pity every breaſt muſt move,
For injur'd Virtue, or for ſuffering Love.
The Nymphs adorn Paſtora's ſacred tomb,
And mourn the lov'd Amynta's ſhort-liv'd bloom:
The Learned admire the Poet, when he flies
To trace the Theban ſwan amid the ſkies;
When he tranſlates, ſtill faithful to the ſenſe,
He copies and improves each excellence.
Or when he teaches how the rich and great,
And all but deathleſs Wit, muſt yield to Fate;
Or when he ſings the courſer's rapid ſpeed,
Or Virtue's loftier praiſe, and nobler deed;
Each various grace embelliſhes his ſong,
As Horace eaſy, and as Pindar ſtrong;
Pindar, who long like oracles ador'd
In reverend darkneſs, now to light reſtor'd,
Shall ſtamp thy current wit, and ſeal thy fame's record.

POEMS

BY

Mr. CONGREVE.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

TO you, my Lord, my Muſe her tribute pays
Of various verſe, in various rude eſſays;
To you ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whoſe indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected lays ſhe now commends.
By no one meaſure bound, her numbers range,
And, unreſolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her ſongs to no diſtinguiſh'd fame aſpire,
For, now, ſhe tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre:

In high Parnaſſus ſhe no birth-right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian ſtreams:
Yet near the ſacred mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the ſprings, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet ſhe admires the wing that ſafely ſoars,
At diſtance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the ſwan requires,
Whoſe towering head above the clouds aſpires,
And knows as well, it is your loweſt praiſe,
Such heights to reach with equal ſtrength and eaſe.
O had your genius been to leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verſe with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, ſeven ſtates divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the patriot in the poet loſt.
A true poetic ſtate we had deplor'd,
Had not your miniſtry our coin reſtor'd.
But ſtill, my Lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt liſt of fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your houſe and blood):
Yet think not meanly of your other praiſe,
Nor ſlight the trophies which the Muſes raiſe.
How oft a patriot's beſt-laid ſchemes we find
By party croſs'd, or faction undermin'd!

If he ſucceed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verſe their ſource derive,
Shall both ſurmount detraction, and ſurvive:
And Poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF

QUEEN MARY.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for ſorrow's ſhelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night excludes the day,

Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the duſky air:
To welcome day, or bid the Sun farewel,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſy, e'er was ſeen;
No ſweetly-budding flower, nor ſpringing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the bluſhing roſe,
Here baleful eugh with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs,
Of Albion's loſs, and of Paſtora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan ſwain;
Or melting words and moving numbers chooſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's mourning Muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Aſtrofel;
Then might I raiſe my voice (ſecure of ſkill),
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The liſtening Echo on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks Paſtora's name repeat;
Each whiſtling wind, and murmuring ſtream ſhould tell
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himſelf in ſong renown'd;

Yet

Yet would not all thy art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears;
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all ſkill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artleſs as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at Comus' feaſt;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my cheerful ſong:
Begone, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing laurels all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chooſe,
Begone, Thalia; Sorrow is my Muſe.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

No more theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet, theſe flowery plains be preſs'd;
No more the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more theſe rivers cheerfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight:
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day that gave her birth;
Loſt is that day which had from her its light,
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs night:
In endleſs night and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched ſwains;
Stray all ye flocks, and deſart be ye plains;
Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye cryſtal floods;
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace,
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſely ye weep, ye rocks, and falſely mourn;
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O ſhe

O ſhe was heavenly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flower, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height, ſhe bore a mind
Humble, as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was——
Ah wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more:
Help me, ye hills and vallies, to deplore.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that bleſt earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant ſweets ariſe.
Let Myrrha weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, ſhade her tomb.
Thither let all th' induſtrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight ſport;
There in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no diſmal eugh nor cypreſs grow,
Nor holly-buſh, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant dens receive each howling beaſt;

Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.
But let the ſighing doves that ſorrows bring,
And nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let ſwans from their forſaken rivers fly,
And, ſickening at her tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan deplore,
And cry with me, "Paſtora is no more!"
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
And ſee the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy miſts obſcure the burden'd air;
A ſudden damp o'er all the plain is ſpread,
Each lily folds its leaves and hangs its head:
On every tree the bloſſoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moiſture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces ſtoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-deſcending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills:
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with ſtreaming eyes, ſupplies his wanting urn.
The fawns forſake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in ſad diſtraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their ſharp nails, themſelves the ſatyrs wound,
And tug their ſhaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.

Lo

Lo Pan himſelf beneath a blaſted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild deſpair,
And to the piercing winds her boſom bare.
And ſee yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how ſhe wrings her hands, and beats her breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs girdle from her waiſt:
Hear the ſad murmurs of her ſighing doves,
For grief they ſigh, forgetful of their loves.
Lo, Love himſelf, with heavy woes oppreſt!
See how his ſorrows ſwell his tender breaſt;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying graſs,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe,
And even Love himſelf has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Paſtora is no more!"
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in miſts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to ſighs can turn;
The birds, in ſongs, their ſorrows can diſcloſe,
And nymphs and ſwains, in words, can tell their woes.
But, oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair,
Which neither winds can ſhew, nor floods, nor air.

See

See the great ſhepherd, chief of all the ſwains,
Lord of theſe woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and cloſe to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already-faded graſs;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breaſt,
No more within Paſtora's arms to reſt!
No more! for thoſe once ſoft and circling arms
Themſelves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd in balmy ſleep to loſe the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that heaven of beauty come!
And muſt Paſtora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt wolves or ſavage tigers are:
With lambs and ſheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous death the ſhepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
" But ſee, Menalcas, where a ſudden light,
" With wonder ſtops my ſong, and ſtrikes my ſight!
" And where Paſtora lies, it ſpreads around,
" Shewing all radiant bright the ſacred ground.
" While from her tomb, behold, a flame aſcends
" Of whiteſt fire, whoſe flight to heaven extends!
" On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as ſight
" Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;

" Till the blue firmament at laſt it gains,
" And, fixing there, a glorious ſtar remains:"
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the ſkies,
As once on earth were ſeen Paſtora's eyes.

TO THE

KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

IRREGULAR ODE.

" Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores:
" Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes."
Hor. ad Auguſtum.

I.

OF arms and war my Muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the lyre upon an untry'd ſtring:
New fire informs my ſoul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I ſoar.
O power unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my courſe;
For fancy wild and pathleſs ways will chooſe,
Which judgment rarely, or with pain, purſues:

Say,

Say, ſacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds,
Why ſcorns the lowly ſwain his oaten reeds;
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
And ſing heroic deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raiſe;
What voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his praiſe!
The liſtening world each whiſper will befriend!
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.
The hovering winds on downy wings ſhall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying ſound.
Ev'n I will in his praiſe be heard;
For by his name my verſe ſhall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the ſpheres, I will his triumph ſing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whoſe exalted ſize
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted ſkies:
A thouſand talking tongues the monſter bears,
A thouſand waking eyes and ever-open ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks with huge gigantic pace,
Meaſuring the globe, like time, with conſtant race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to William's praiſe:
Of him her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongue ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change, aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around, behold, new objects riſe!

What

What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial! or does air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong ideas ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe?
O ſacred poeſy! O boundleſs power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore!
Through ſeas, earth, air, and the wide-circling ſky,
What is not ſought and ſeen by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the proſpect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a foreſt's ſhade;
A lowing heifer, loveliеſt of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.
Unthought preſage of what met next my view!
For ſoon the ſhady ſcene withdrew:
And now, for woods, and fields, and ſpringing flowers,
Behold a town ariſe, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty towers!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erſpread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and ſhining arms array'd:
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and miſtreſs of the war.

V.

Now, thirſt of conqueſt, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and ſoldier's heart inflame.

Defenſive

Defenſive arms the Gallic forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the ſtorm prepare:
For fortune had, with partial hand, before
Reſign'd the rule to Gallia's power.
High on a rock the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands.
A wondrous taſk it is th' aſcent to gain,
Through craggy cliffs, that ſtrike the ſight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or ſkill
(And great is human force and wit in ill),
Are join'd; on every ſide wide-gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverſe power appear;
But Britiſh forces are unus'd to fear:
Though thus oppos'd they might, if William were
not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpet's clangor ſpeaks in loud alarms,
Mingling ſhrill notes, with dreadful din
Of cannons burſt, and rattling claſh of arms.
Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth
rebound,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd,
And Echo loſt in one continued ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;

Such

Such flames the gulf of Tartarus diſgorge,
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that broke,
Reddening with horrid gloom the duſky ſmoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder ſweat,
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this rage, behold, where William ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With face ſerene, diſpenſing dread commands;
Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thouſand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry fire his ſacred head muſt ſpare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of miſſive fires that feſter in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power t' aſſuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadleſs ſeem.
And now, with deſperate force, and freſh attack,
Through obvious deaths, reſiſtleſs way they make;
Raiſing high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war,
When thoſe tall ſons of earth did heaven aſpire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)

Uprooting

Uprooting hills, with moſt ſtupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful ſcale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm baſis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown,
With threatening hurl, that ſhook th' aerial firmament!
Th' attempt did fear in heaven create;
Even Jove deſponding fate,
Till Mars, with all his force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal ſkies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe hills, by which they thought to riſe.
Mars on the gods did then his aid beſtow,
And now in godlike William ſtorms with equal force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken pace,
And hardy breaſts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on ſpringing mines they tread
Of ſecret ſulphur, in dire ambuſh laid.
Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labouring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd foe.
See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy walls!
See, how the Britons riſe! ſee the retiring Gauls!

Now

Now from the fort, behold, the yielding flag is ſpread,
And William's banner on the breach diſplay'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant ſhouts from every voice!
The ſkies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Ios ſing!
Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd
Heroic harmony prepare,
And charm to ſilence every wind,
And glad the late-tormented air.
Far is the ſound of martial muſic ſpread,
Echoing through all the Gallic hoſt,
Whoſe numerous troops the dreadful ſtorm ſurvey'd:
But they, with wonder or with awe diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the fortreſs loſt.
William, their numerous troops with terror fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd Perſeus, with petrific ſhield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe,
Nor, when on ſoaring horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from monſter's rage the beauteous maid;
Or more heroic was the deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer chains decreed,
Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my Muſe, from thy too-daring height,
Deſcend to earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd wing;

For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
And doſt with pain of triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee, reſume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be ſtrung:
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
To him who ſung the Boyne; or him to whom he ſung.

THE
BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

"Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori."—HOR.

DESCEND, celeſtial Muſe! thy ſon inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe thy holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thyſelf diſcloſe;
Say, from what ſource thy heavenly power aroſe,
Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down
The deeds of heroes deathleſs in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
Time and the Muſe ſet forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals ſtarted to the race:
And both at once the deſtin'd courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preſerve what t' other cannot ſave,
And reſcue virtue riſing from the grave.

To

To thee, O Montague, theſe ſtrains are ſung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking lyre is ſtrung;
For every grace of every Muſe is thine;
In thee their various fires united ſhine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my ſong commend,
Whoſe nature can forgive, and power defend,
And ſhew by turns the patron and the friend.
Begin, my Muſe, from Jove derive thy ſong,
Thy ſong of right does firſt to Jove belong;
For thou thyſelf art of celeſtial ſeed,
Nor dare a ſire inferior boaſt the breed.
When firſt the frame of this vaſt ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd;
Viciſſitude of things, of men and ſtates,
Their riſe and fall, were deſtin'd by the Fates.
Then Time had firſt a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whoſe ample boſom Fates repoſe
Cauſes of things, and ſecret ſeeds incloſe,
Which, ripening there, ſhall one day gain a birth,
And force a paſſage through the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the ſpacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling ſphere,
To ſhift the ſeaſons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of power
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;

For every beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his ſight,)
He muſt again to native earth reſtore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good nor great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet the looſen'd earth aloft was ſlung,
Or pois'd amid the ſkies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the ſun adorn,
Or borrow'd luſtre ſilver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commiſſion to begin,
Or Fate the many twiſted web to ſpin;
When all the heavenly hoſt aſſembled came
To view the world yet reſting on its frame;
Eager they preſs, to ſee the fire diſmiſs
And roll the globe along the vaſt abyſs.

When deep revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a ſpace ſuſpend the promis'd ſcene;
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inſpect Fate's univerſal book:
Abroad the wondrous volume he diſplays,
And preſent views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous ſcene adorns the foremoſt page,
Where Nature's bloom preſents the golden age.
The golden leaf to ſilver ſoon reſigns,
And fair the ſheet, but yet more faintly, ſhines.
Of baſer braſs, the next denotes the times;
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worſe and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He

He turns the book, and every age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye purſues:
The firſt of men, and lords of earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In ſearch of glory ſpent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And ſavage men compel to leave the field.
All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow ſpace remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the ſcene defac'd,
The kings deſtroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waſte:
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compaſſion found,
To ſee great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward ſearch'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reſerve to ſpare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes ſhine,
And Ilian ſtructures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium ſoon in native duſt is laid,
And all her boaſted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withſtand,
But flies, to ſave his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race ſucceed the Dardan ſtate,
And firſt, and ſecond Cæſar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes deſcend,
And riſing heroes ſtill the ſearch attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires paſs'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his ſight at laſt.

Above the waves ſhe lifts her ſilver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes ſmile,
And Fates propitious bleſs the beauteous iſle;
To worlds remote ſhe wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the ſtormy main.
Thus on the baſe of empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
But ſoon a lowering ſky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd ſhews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her ſhining hills;
Of greatneſs paſs'd no footſteps ſhe retains,
Sunk in a ſeries of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the ſhame
Of honours loſt, and her diminiſh'd name:
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from day to ſhrowd her head,
And glad would ſhrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the ſacred leaves Britannia's woes
In ſhady draughts and duſky lines diſcloſe.
Th' enſuing ſcene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.
Behold! of radiant light an orb ariſe,
Which, kindling day, reſtores the darken'd ſkies:
And ſee! on ſeas the beamy ball deſcends,
And now its courſe to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the ſhining ſphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auſpicious ſight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.

For ſee a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Purſuing cloſely, plows the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming ſea.
Britannia, riſe; awake, O faireſt iſle,
From iron ſleep; again thy fortunes ſmile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whoſe reign renews the former age of gold.
The Fates at length the bliſsful web have ſpun,
And bid it round in endleſs circles run.
Again ſhall diſtant lands confeſs thy ſway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial ſons ſhall thirſt for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathleſs name;
For William's genius every ſoul inſpires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, ſee, the hoſtile troops retreat,
And ſeem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring ſteel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boaſt
A matchleſs ſword and unreſiſted hoſt,
At his foreſeen approach the field forſakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire ſhakes.
His towering enſigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciouſly uſurp'd the main;
A gathering ſtorm he ſeem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of deſtructive war,
Till William's ſtronger genius ſoar'd above,
And down the ſkies the daring tempeſt drove.

So from the radiant ſun retires the night,
And weſtern clouds ſhot through with orient light.
So when th' aſſuming god, whom ſtorms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and ſhores, their rage reſound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they ſweep
The liquid plains, and raiſe the peaceful deep.
But when ſuperior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident ſhakes, and ſhews his awful head;
The madding winds are huſh'd, the tempeſts ceaſe,
And every rolling ſurge reſides in peace.

And now the ſacred leaf a landſkip wears,
Where heaven ſerene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The roſe and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive ſhade the ſylvan ſcenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And ſoft, and ſtill, the ſilver ſurface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whiſpering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton meaſures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and baſk in upper air;
They gild their ſcaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And ſcorn to ſkim the level of the ſtreams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful ſoil;

Secure

Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durſt the deep explore,
Oppoſe the winds, and tempt the ſhelfy ſhore,
Beneath his roof now taſtes unbroken reſt,
Enough with native wealth and plenty bleſt.
No more the forward youth purſues alarms,
Nor leaves the ſacred arts for ſtubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' ſhrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the ſkies;
But peaceful joys the proſperous times afford,
And baniſh'd virtue is again reſtor'd.
And he whoſe arms alone ſuſtain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal ſway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace ſhall reign;
For his example ſtill the rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the Father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter ſtill beholds;
The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd ——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming ſtore.

Enough

Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining path purſues,
But like the ſun the ſame bright race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs Fates on him have power!
Or Time unequally ſuch worth devour!
Then, wherefore ſhall the brave for fame conteſt?
Why is this man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?
Whoſe ſoaring genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the grant reſolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to chooſe,
But ſpake the word, and made th' immortal Muſe.
Ne'er did his power produce ſo bright a child,
On whoſe creation infant Nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd form ſhe wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' aſſembled gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the ſire himſelf his joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a ſpace, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair beſpoke.
" To thee, immortal Maid, from this bleſs'd hour,
" O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded power.

" Thou

" Thou from oblivion ſhalt the hero ſave;
" Shalt riſe, revive, immortalize the brave.
" To thee, the Dardan Prince ſhall owe his fame;—
" To thee, the Cæſars their eternal name.
" Eliza, ſung by thee, with Fate ſhall ſtrive,
" And long as Time in ſacred verſe ſurvive.
" And yet, O Muſe, remains the nobleſt theme;
" The firſt of men, mature for endleſs fame,
" Thy future ſongs ſhall grace, and all thy lays,
" Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on William's praiſe.
" On his heroic deeds thy verſe ſhall riſe;
" Thou ſhalt diffuſe the fires that he ſupplies.
" Through him thy ſongs ſhall more ſublime aſpire;
" And he, through them, ſhall deathleſs fame acquire:
" Nor Time nor Fate his glory ſhall oppoſe,
" Or blaſt the monuments the Muſe beſtows."
This ſaid; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal hoſt
Again impatient crowd the cryſtal coaſt.
The Father, now, within his ſpacious hands,
Encompaſs'd all the mingled maſs of ſeas and lands;
And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous ſphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each ſofteſt motion ceaſe,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gaſp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy part,
Thou reſtleſs wanderer, my heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah leave,
Thou buſy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulſe; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be ſoftly ſtay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, reſt, unneceſſary ſprings of life,
Leave your officious toil and ſtrife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be poſſible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-ſick maids and wounded ſwains,
And liſten to her healing ſtrains.
A wondrous balm between her lips ſhe wears,
Of ſovereign force to ſoften cares;

And

And this through every ear ſhe can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief ſoft air applies,
Which, warbling myſtic ſounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleaſing murmur, or harſh groan,
Your ſlighted loves declare;
Your very tendereſt moving ſighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſterous here.
Hither let nought but ſacred ſilence come,
And let all ſaucy praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! Silence himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the midnight god appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend ſhade:
An ancient ſigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe memory of ſound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in deſpair,
Like a thin mantle, ſerves to wrap
In fluid folds his viſionary ſhape.
A wreath of darkneſs round his head he wears,
Where curling miſts ſupply the want of hairs;
While the ſtill vapours, which from poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV. But

IV.

But hark! the heavenly ſphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In ecſtaſy of ſound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And every ſoul, with tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what ſpeed and care
Deſcending angels cull the thinneſt air!
Haſte then, come all th' immortal throng,
And liſten to her ſong;
Leave your lov'd manſions in the ſky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loſs of heaven nor ſhall you need to fear;
While ſhe ſings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they crowd, ſee how the little cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her mouth, and ſip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Thoſe lips, where in ſurpriſe of bliſs they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taſte
So exquiſite a feaſt,
Of muſic and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each ſacred minſtrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.

Bleſs

Bleſs the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raiſe,
Which only breath inſpir'd can reach,
To notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent happineſs:
Wiſhing for ever in that ſtate to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

PRIAM'S

LAMENTATION AND PETITION

TO

ACHILLES,

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad ω.

Beginning at this Line:

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας.———

Argument introductory to this Tranſlation.

Hector's body (after he was ſlain) remained ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him; and ſent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he ſhould go to Achilles' tent; and how he ſhould there ranſom the body of his ſon. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich preſents for Achilles, ſets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortune, undertakes to drive his chariot unobſerved through the guards, and to the door of Achilles'

Achilles' tent; which having performed, he diſcovered himſelf a god, and giving him a ſhort inſtruction how to move Achilles to compaſſion, flew up to heaven.

SO ſpake the god, and heavenward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With ſolemn pace into Achilles' tent.
Heedleſs he paſs'd through various rooms of ſtate,
Until approaching where the hero ſate;
There, at a feaſt, the good old Priam found
Jove's beſt-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;
Two only were t' attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the reſt
At greater diſtance, greater ſtate expreſs'd.
Priam, unſeen by theſe, his way purſued,
And firſt of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd and held them faſt;
Then caught his hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd them cloſe,
Thoſe hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Thoſe hands, whoſe unrelenting force had coſt
Much of his blood (for many ſons he loſt).
But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And, ſeeking refuge, does from juſtice run,
Entering ſome houſe, in haſte, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
So did Achilles gaze, ſurpris'd to ſee
The godlike Priam's royal miſery;

All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurpriſe,
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes,
Till he at length the ſolemn ſilence broke;
And thus the venerable ſuppliant ſpoke:
" Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
" A proſtrate king, in wretchedneſs grown old:
" Think on your father, and then look on me,
" His hoary age and helpleſs perſon ſee;
" So furrow'd are his cheeks, ſo white his hairs,
" Such, and ſo many, his declining years;
" Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
" Could you imagine ſuch, his miſery!
" Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
" And neighbouring princes lay his country waſte;
" Ev'n at this time, perhaps, ſome powerful foe,
" Who will no mercy, no compaſſion, ſhow,
" Entering his palace, ſees him feebly fly,
" And ſeek protection where no help is nigh.
" In vain he may your fatal abſence mourn,
" And wiſh, in vain, for your delay'd return;
" Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome relief;
" Some hopes alleviate his exceſs of grief;
" It glads his ſoul to think he once may ſee
" His much-lov'd ſon; would that were granted me!
" But I, moſt wretched I! of all bereft!
" Of all my worthy ſons how few are left!
" Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boaſt,
" When firſt the Greeks invaded Ilion's coaſt:
" Nineteen, the joyful iſſue of one womb,
" Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.

" Mercileſs

"Mercileſs war this devaſtation wrought,
"And their ſtrong nerves to diſſolution brought.
"Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
"My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
"Hector, my darling, and my laſt defence,
"Whoſe life alone their deaths could recompenſe;
"And, to complete my ſtore of countleſs woe,
"Him you have ſlain——of him bereav'd me too!
"For his ſake only hither am I come;
"Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endleſs ſum;
"All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
"A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
"Fear the juſt gods, Achilles; and on me
"With pity look, think you your father ſee;
"Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
"I can no equal have in miſeries;
"Of all mankind moſt wretched and forlorn,
"Bow'd with ſuch weight as never has been borne;
"Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
"The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
"With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
"And kiſs thoſe hands which have my children ſlain."
He ſpake.——

Now ſadneſs o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compaſſion, melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there, with tears and ſighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated ſon.

But paſſion different ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father mourns:
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till ſorrow ſeem'd to wear one common face.

THE

LAMENTATIONS

OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,

OVER THE

DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER, ILIAD Ω.

BEGINNING AT THIS LINE:

Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδναλο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Tranſlation.

Priam, at laſt, moves Achilles to compaſſion, and, after having made him preſents of great value, obtains the body of his ſon. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the body, leſt Agamemnon ſhould be informed of his being in the camp: he himſelf helps to harneſs the mules and horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without noiſe,

chariot

chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the ſaffron morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Caſſandra flies,
Thence ſhe afar the ſad proceſſion ſpies:
Her father and Idæus firſt appear,
Then Hector's corpſe extended on a bier;
At which her boundleſs grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the ſtreet ſhe ran:
"Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
"Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
"If e'er you went with joy to ſee him come
"Adorn'd with conqueſt and with laurels home,
"Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd body ſee,
"What once was all your joy; now all your miſery!"
She ſpake, and ſtrait the numerous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city ſtay'd;
Common conſent of grief had made them one,
With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh lamentings, greet.
His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal ſtrife:

In ſorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs corpſe to reach;
Aloud they beat their breaſts, and tore their hair,
Rending around with ſhrieks the ſuffering air.
Now had the throng of people ſtopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day;
But Priam from his chariot roſe, and ſpake,
"Trojans, enough; truce with your ſorrows make;
"Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
"Firſt let me bear my Hector's body home,
"Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
Yielding like waves of a divided ſea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care the body on a ſumptuous bed,
And round about were ſkilful ſingers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of univerſal mournful harmony,
When firſt Andromache her paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale cheeks) ſhe ſpoke:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my loſt huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in aſhes muſt with them be laid.

Why

Why is my heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft?
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with bleſſings curs'd;
For long ere thou ſhalt be to manhood grown,
Wide deſolation will lay waſte this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her ſtrength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who ſave her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and huſband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loſs.
Soon will the Grecians now inſulting come,
And bear us captives to their diſtant home;
I, with my child, muſt the ſame fortune ſhare,
And all alike be priſoners of the war;
'Mongſt baſe-born wretches he his lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman lord a ſlave.
Elſe ſome avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only ſon or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirſty grief aſſuage;
For many fell by his relentleſs hand,
Biting that ground, with which their blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foes in battle ſpare;

Thence come theſe ſufferings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
I ſaw him not when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his lateſt breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt command?
Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day I ſhould with tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general ſigh diffus'd a mournful ſound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppreſt
With boiling paſſions in her aged breaſt,
Mingling her words with ſighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling ſon.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my ſoul more dear
Than all my other numerous iſſue were;
O my laſt comfort, and my beſt-belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe fall even Jove himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heaven's peculiar care;
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpſe was freed,
So kind a fate was for none elſe decreed:
My other ſons, made priſoners by his hands,
Were ſold like ſlaves, and ſhipt to foreign lands.

Thou

Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had ſlain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his life again.
Now freſh and glowing, ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.
Here weeping Hecuba her paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half ſo large a part!
Not leſs than twenty years are now paſs'd o'er,
Since firſt I landed on the Trojan ſhore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home:
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (ſo gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of ſcorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach ſtill ſet me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my ſiſters or the queen revil'd,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindneſs ſtill has all my grief beguil'd.

Ever

Ever in tears let me your loſs bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I paſs,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This ſaid, ſhe wept; and the vaſt throng was mov'd,
And with a general ſigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Roſe from his ſeat, and thus he ſpake aloud:
" Ceaſe your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
" And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
" Fear not an ambuſh by the Grecians laid,
" For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.
He ſpake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days ſpace was in that labour ſpent;
The tenth, a moſt ſtupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and ſmoke ariſe.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the roſy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends ſearch'd every where,
And gathering up his ſnowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred aſhes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.

Mean-

Meantime ſtrong guards were plac'd, and careful ſpies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent ſurpriſe.
The work once ended, all the vaſt reſort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refreſh'd their weary limbs with reſt,
Ending the funeral with a ſolemn feaſt.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

"Mater ſæva Cupidinum, &c."

I.

THE tyrant queen of ſoft deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs aid of ſprightly wine
And wanton eaſe, conſpires
To make my heart its peace reſign,
And re-admit love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames ſo long repell'd with double force return.
Matchleſs her face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyneſs warms;
And with a grateful ſullenneſs ſhe charms:
Each look darts forth a thouſand rays,
Whoſe luſtre an unwary ſight betrays;
My eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large ſhe reigns!

Cyprus

Cyprus no more with her abode is bleſt,
I am her palace, and her throne my breaſt.
Of ſavage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their ſport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our ſacrifice and prayer,
The goddeſs may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

"Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
"Labuntur anni, &c."

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all theſe prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundleſs race,
Which Time himſelf can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unweary'd pace):
Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.

Fix'd

Fix'd are thoſe limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort extent to the moſt laſting breath;
And though thou could'ſt for ſacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary gaſp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhauſted ſtore
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all muſt fail,
Where piety itſelf can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious ſlave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in duſt.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs ſeas,
And is confin'd to home and eaſe,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all thoſe arts we try,
All our evaſions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my friend;
(The very hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy end)

Thou

Thou muſt forego the deareſt joys of life;
Leave the warm boſom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy houſe, whoſe ſtately ſtructure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking carcaſe of its lord.
Of all thy pleaſant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy coſtly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,
Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Or but a ſprig of roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waſte of that eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get.
All thy hid ſtores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and priſons, ſhall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again ſhall riſe;
Again its ſparkling ſurface ſhow,
And free as element profuſely flow.

With ſuch high food he ſhall ſet forth his feaſts,
That cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his gueſts;
And pamper'd prelates ſee
Themſelves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

"Vides ut alta, &c."

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But ſee (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth;
A ſhower of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the ſky:
Trembling, the groves ſuſtain their weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

II.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe, through all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living ſtream is numb'd and dead.

Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with ſparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces ſhine,
Till we like ſuns appear,
To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis Heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of Heaven ſtill for me:
Thoſe winds which rend the oaks and plough the ſeas,
Great Jove can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come:
The preſent moment's all our ſtore;
The next ſhould Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one inſtant now.
Look on each day you've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won;
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.

Youth

Youth doth a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet.
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd;
If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I could ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither ſhould ſpeak,
The pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE

RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his paſſion.

ODE.

To all the ſex deceitful,
A long and laſt adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now, repenting
Her breach of aſſignation,
Arriv'd with eyes conſenting,
And ſparkling inclination.

Like Citherea ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his paſſion;
The ſhepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe deſiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel abſence doom'd paſt joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of abſence try,
Save me from abſence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and love,
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In

In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I.

I Love and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my Thyrſis ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting:
2. And both will tire with often taſting,
When they find the bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is complete in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;

'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting deſire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceived,
That Cloe's falſe and common;
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing:
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
One dear bleſſing ere I die;
Long I've borne exceſs of pain,
Let me now ſome bliſs obtain.

Thus

Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the God reply'd:
Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's ſlave?
Ceaſe, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himſelf's no more.

SONG

I.

CRUEL Amynta, can you ſee
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through your eyes the conqueſt made.

II.

In ambuſh there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs ſmiles;
No wretches are ſo loſt as they
Whom much ſecurity beguiles.

SONG.

I.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldneſs kill!

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S HAVING WRIT VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF ANOTHER LADY.

HARD is the taſk, and bold th' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praiſe of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praiſing beauty, does no wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his ſong:
But when the fair themſelves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his Muſe with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN AFTER THE DECEASE OF MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, UNDER HER PICTURE DRAWN PLAYING ON A LUTE.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſt with ſkill divine!
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but aſk the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her!
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O HARMONY, to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of ſacred verſe, and ſweet-reſounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praiſe.

All

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed ſway,
Her wondrous works reſigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious ſphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful ſound
Could penetrate th' abyſs profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And ſearch the living ſource of unborn light.
Confuſion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.
Then didſt thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all thoſe ſhining worlds above
In myſtic dance began to move
Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
A never-ceaſing, never-ſilent choir.

CHORUS.

Confuſion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddeſs, firſt could'ſt tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didſt to heavenly minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.
When firſt Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didſt the god inſpire;
When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung;
Then firſt the Muſes ſung; melodious ſtrains Apollo play'd,
And Muſic firſt began by thy auſpicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania ſings!
Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſtening deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark! again Urania ſings!
Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſtening deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

IV.

Deſcend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppreſt,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting paſſions torn.

Reaſo

Reaſon in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reaſon ſtill by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too ſoon retreats.
Muſic alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandering ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Muſic alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandering ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful ſong, ye ſacred Nine,
Your inſtruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and ſweet deſire,
In every breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And ſoft repoſe to reſtleſs thoughts impart.
Appeaſe the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmy ſounds his boiling blood aſſuage,
And melt to mild remorſe his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſic lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſic lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

VI. Ah,

VI.

Ah, ſweet repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah, fooliſh man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, ſtrife purſuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, ſee, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with ſhrill fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding drums.
War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

CHORUS.

War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

VII.

See the forſaken fair, with ſtreaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs, and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing paſt delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O ſooth her cares
With ſofteſt, ſweeteſt airs,
Till victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Let victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native ſkies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry ſphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd,
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.

In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, entitled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in ſtudy ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whoſe lives exceed the ſpace
Which ſeems the bound preſcrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their ſhort experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitleſs human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?

For

For ſo complete the finiſh'd piece appears,
That learning ſeems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by pureſt wit, to reach
At all that ſtudy or that time can teach.
But to what height muſt his amazement riſe,
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremoſt opening page,
And there the beauty, ſex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure mind aroſe
Th' æthereal ſource from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reaſon fails,
And ſuperſtition o'er philoſophy prevails.
Some heavenly miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form endued,
To make a ſhort abode on earth, was ſent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And, having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She ſings amid the choir of ſeraphims;
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPI-

EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGDON, OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and ſon, together laid;
Whoſe living virtues ſhall remain,
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man ſhould be, to ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd worth ſhould do, or ſhun,
At full was in the father ſhown;
What youth could promiſe in the ſon.

But death, obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe ſweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroic ſtory tells,
Of knights impriſon'd long by magic ſpells,
Till future time the deſtin'd hero ſend,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:

Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſy.
Thoſe ſullen clouds, which have, for ages paſt,
O'er Perſius' too-long ſuffering Muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure Phœbus' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The god of muſic, and poetic fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great ſurpriſe of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred oracles in myſteries.
Perſius before in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith miſled);
Till you, Apollo's darling prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.
As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinſic worth will paſs;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you we all this following treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old ſtoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in modern brilliant ſhines;
And as before, for Perſius, our eſteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:

So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old Perſius, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.
So ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;
But through your ſkill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire
Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans in their feaſting. The Poet draws the occaſion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhews us the miſerable end of ſuch ſpendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the

extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men in former ages: to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs in the care of heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at feaſts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery conſiſt with their principal pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets for the preſent, and a moderate uſe of pleaſures for the future.

IF noble Atticus make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his gueſts,
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but ſtate.
But when poor Rutilus ſpends all he's worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs: for what greater jeſts,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feaſts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd by no power, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:

'Mongſt

'Mongſt common fencers practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his diſgrace is owing to his ſword.
Many there are of the ſame wretched kind,
Whom their deſpairing creditors may find
Lurking in ſhambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole bliſs is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous; of theſe
The pooreſt wretch is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ranſack every element for choice
Of every fiſh and fowl at any price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater guſt.
In riot thus, while money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere neceſſity to eat,
He comes to pawn his diſh to buy his meat.
Nothing of ſilver or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken relic he with ſpeed devours,
As he would all the reſt of 's anceſtors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to ſale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.

Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger, ſoon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to ſerve
Fencers for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now you ſee a plenteous feaſt;
The queſtion is, at whoſe expence 'tis dreſt.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man who knows
How far yon mount above this mole-hill ſhows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From heaven to mortals ſure that rule was ſent,
Of "Know thyſelf," and by ſome god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courſes which we ſteer.
Therſites, though the moſt preſumptuous Greek,
Yet durſt not for Achilles' armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce Ulyſſes had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of ſenſe:
Fools only make attempts beyond their ſkill;
A wiſe man's power's the limit of his will.
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to thrift, not luxury;
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which neceſſity confines thy price.

Well

Well may they fear ſome miſerable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd all,
Both land and ſtock, intereſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhould welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are ſteps in villainy which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Leſt Rome ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more ſcandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midſt of ſummer's ſcorching heat,
From crowds, and noiſe, and buſineſs, to retreat.
One only grief ſuch fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleaſures left behind,
The plays and looſe diverſions of the place;
But not one bluſh appears for the diſgrace.
Ne'er was of modeſty ſo great a dearth,
That out of countenance Virtue's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She's with Aſtrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Perſicus, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether myſelf I keep thoſe rules I give,
Or elſe an unſuſpected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abſtinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feaſt reviv'd, to-day thou'lt ſee;
That poor Evander, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I ſend you now your bill of fare;
Be not ſurpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the ſhambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall farm the tendereſt kid,
And fatteſt of my flock, a ſuckling yet,
That ne'er had nouriſhment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce graſs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, ſhall mountain 'ſparagus be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly country maid.
The largeſt eggs, yet warm within their neſt,
Together with the hens which laid them, dreſt;
Cluſters of grapes preſerv'd for half a year,
Which plump and freſh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, freſh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a ſenator:
When the good Curius thought it no diſgrace,
With his own hands a few ſmall herbs to dreſs;

And from his little garden cull'd a feaſt,
Which fetter'd ſlaves would now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a ſlave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd paps of a fat pregnant ſow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous treat,
On birth-days, feſtivals, or days of ſtate,
A ſalt dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If aught was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthieſt and the greateſt men in Rome;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had, at leaſt, thrice conſuls been;
Or the dictator's office had diſcharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to huſband and manure the land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y' have ſeen the good old general haſte,
Before th' appointed hour, to ſuch a feaſt;
His ſpade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn field.
'Twas then when pious conſuls bore the ſway,
And vice, diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our cenſors then were ſubject to the law,
Ev'n Power itſelf of Juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largeſt tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greateſt price be had,
And ſhining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vaſt expence might loll his head.

Plain

Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The ſoldier then, in Grecian arts unſkill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field;
If cups of ſilver or of gold be brought,
With jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious trappings ſtraight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glittering ſpoil his horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf ſuckling the twins was there,
And Mars himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hovering above his creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatening death to each reſiſting foe.
No uſe of ſilver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No ſideboards then with gilded plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating ſlaves with maſſive diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive riot was not underſtood,
But earthern platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the luxury of this?
Heaven unwearied then did bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He ſnuff'd their incenſe with a gracious nod;
And would have ſtill been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol gold.
His golden ſtatues hence the god have driven:
For well he knows where our devotion's given.
'Tis gold we worſhip, though we pray to Heaven.

Woods

Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can pleaſe us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The niceſt diſh his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be ſet,
His lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your veniſon's rank, or ointments ſtink.
Order ſome other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whoſe orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedeſtals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were ſent,
By ſympathy from thoſe o' th' elephant.
But ſuch fine feeders are no gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfaſhionable man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole houſe afford,
Not in my very tables, or cheſs-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taſte from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſavoury haut-goût from the haft.
A hearty welcome to plain wholeſome meat
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal ſtate;

No

No ſewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by ſkilful Trypherus are taught;
In whoſe fam'd ſchools the various forms appear
Of fiſhes, beaſts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his ſcholars learn
How to diſſect, and the nice joints diſcern;
While all the neighbours are with noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh carving of his wooden feaſt.
On me attends a raw unſkilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede:
With diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen veſſels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by ſhameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honeſt faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou ſhalt my rural pages ſee,
For I have dreſt them both to wait on thee.
Of country ſwains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my ſhepherd's ſon;
A cheerful ſweetneſs in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though ſometimes ſadneſs will o'ercaſt the joy,
And gentle ſighs break from the tender boy;
His abſence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wiſhes to return;

Longing

Longing to ſee his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain.
A modeſt bluſh he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, ſuch baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen thoſe humble graces ſcorn.
This youth to-day ſhall my ſmall treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the ſame vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh feaſt,
With amorous ſongs and wanton dances grac'd;
When ſprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and friſk in air;
Whoſe pliant limbs in various poſtures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such ſights the languid nerves to action ſtir,
And jaded luſt ſprings forward with this ſpur.
Virtue would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
Which huſbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to deſire.
But ſhe, who by her ſex's charter muſt
Have double pleaſure paid, feels double luſt;
Apace ſhe warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her boſom heaves, and pulſes beat;

With

With glowing cheeks and trembling lips ſhe lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in paſſion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me nor my eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whoſe marble floors with drunken ſpawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious ſongs and dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt ſlave,
The vileſt proſtitute in all the ſtews,
With baſhful indignation would refuſe.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A veſtal raviſh'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diverſions in a lord.
But my poor entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your taſte your hearing ſhall be fed,
And Homer's ſacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they 're ſung;
Verſe ſo ſublimely good no voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealouſies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and ſoft repoſe give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneaſy paſſion ſtill.

What

What though thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and houſe, abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with diſorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her boſom bare;
With ears ſtill tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in ſin, ſtill burning in deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the ſervants' theft;
And (the moſt racking thought which can intrude)
Forget falſe friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalenſian ſhows are in the Circus ſeen;
There (to the bane of horſes) in high ſtate
The Prætor ſits on a triumphal ſeat;
Vainly with enſigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conqueſt from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to ſuch a numerous crowd,
To ſay all Rome) will in the Circus ſweat;
Echoes already do their ſhouts repeat:

Methinks

Methinks I hear the cry—" Away, away,
" The green have won the honour of the day."
Oh, ſhould theſe ſports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of ſorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such ſhows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vigorous youth to active ſports inclin'd.
On beds of roſes laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll baſk in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common cenſure fear:
On feſtivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the uſual time;
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent uſe would the delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a toil when conſtantly purſued.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN MARY,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S COMING TO SEE THE OLD BACHELOR, AFTER HAVING SEEN THE DOUBLE DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of Majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.
Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a Queen.
Long has the Muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past;
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:
While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:
So does it still through opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow:
But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,
On every side the gathering winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts would spare.

But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal preſence flows.
O would ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the ſun, with pleaſure ſhe might view
The ſmiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads ſhould various flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE

AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, IN THE HAY-MARKET, WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

WHATEVER future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhould be kind;
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range,
You muſt be true till you have time to change.
A week, at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon:
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;

For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one conſtant woman.
In ſweet Italian ſtrains our ſhepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs loves our painted foreſts ring,
In notes, perhaps, leſs foreign than the thing.
To ſound and ſhow at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd:
But, in good-breeding, ſure they'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger-muſe.
The day's at hand when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to yourſelves ſhew your dear ſelves again:
Paint the reverſe of what you've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious town diſplay.

PROLOGUE

TO

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS,

A TRAGEDY, BY CHARLES HOPKINS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt part;
And a good head, more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That ſtage will win, which longeſt keeps the field.

We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd;
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdued.
And there, in truth, depends the great deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the foes' proviſion.
Let fools with knocks and bruiſes keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other.
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foreſight fail us;
To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muſter up our rhymes, without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe;
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd Muſe:
Th' occaſion ta'en, when critics are away;
Half wits and beaux, thoſe ravenous birds of prey.
But, Heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his firſt flight commence;
Thus, againſt friends at firſt, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth; or, if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

YOU ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and ſunſhine mix'd in April weather.
Your different taſtes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the ſock, t' other the buſkin wears:
Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volſcius, hip-hop, in a ſingle boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feaſts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profeſſion:
We damſels fly, to ſave our reputation:
So they their valour ſhow; we, our diſcretion.
To lands of monſters and fierce beaſts they go:
We to thoſe iſlands where rich huſbands grow:
Though they're no monſters, we may make them ſo.
If they're of Engliſh growth, they'll bear 't with patience:
But ſave us from a ſpouſe of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bleſs your ſtars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:

Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindneſs,
Who thought her huſband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a huſband ne'er had ſhewn ſuch charms,
Had ſhe once died within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor ſoul! ſhe wanted ſome of our town-breeding!
Forgive this Indian's fondneſs of her ſpouſe;
Their law no chriſtian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conſcience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault,
Then damn the heathen ſchool where ſhe was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and ſham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUN.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blaſted plays:
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and over-ſtock'd.
Our authors too, by their ſucceſs of late,
Begin to think third-days are out of date.
What can the cauſe be, that our plays won't keep,
Unleſs they have a rot ſome years, like ſheep?

For

For our parts, we confeſs, we 're quite aſham'd,
To read ſuch weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful caſe
When chriſtenings fall, and funerals increaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch wits, and write ſuch things?
You're willing to be waſps, but want the ſtings.
Let not your ſpleen provoke you to that height;
'Odslife! you don't know what you do, ſirs, when you write.
You'll find that Pegaſus has tricks, when try'd,
Though you make nothing on't, but up and ride:
Ladies and all, i'faith, now get aſtride.
Contriving characters, and ſcenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the ſame eaſe, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould ſtop,
But ſhould they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up ſhop.
How ſhall we make this mode of writing ſink?
A mode, ſaid I? 'tis a diſeaſe I think,
A ſtubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, till each th' infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our play to-day is ſprung from none of theſe;
Nor ſhould you damn it, though it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the bounds of your four ſeas.

For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a ſtranger, there is ſomething due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was ſent;
Start not at Rome! for there's no popery meant:
Though there the poet may his dwelling chooſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his country claims his Muſe.
Hither an offering his firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill ſucceſs, on you depends.
Yet he has hope ſome kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the ſire may for the ſon atone.
There's his laſt refuge, if the play don't take,
Yer ſpare young Dryden for his father's ſake.

PROLOGUE

TO

A VERY GOOD WIFE,

A COMEDY, BY POWELL.

SPOKEN BY MR. HAINES.

HERE's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—
One whoſe perſon, perhaps, you all may know well;
And he has writ a play—this very play
Which you are all come here to ſee, to-day;
And ſo, it being an uſual thing to ſpeak
Something or other for the author's ſake,
Before the play (in hopes to make it take)

I'm

I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,
To ſay what (if you pleaſe) you're like to hear.
Firſt know, that favour which I'd fain have ſhown,
I aſk not for, in his name, but my own;
For, without vanity, I'm better known.
Mean time then, let me beg you would forbear
Your cat-calls, and the inſtruments of war.
For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,
Before your roaring gods deſtroy us all!
I'll ſpeak with words ſweet as diſtilling honey,
With words—as if I meant to borrow money;
Fair, gentle ſirs, moſt ſoft alluring beaux,
Think 'tis a lady, that for pity ſues.
Bright ladies—but to gain the ladies grace,
I think I need no more than ſhew my face.
Next then, you authors, be not you ſevere;
Why, what a ſwarm of ſcribblers have we here!
One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten,
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.
All would be poets; well, your favour's due
To this day's author, for he's one of you.
Among the few which are of noted fame,
I'm ſafe; for I myſelf am one of them.
You've ſeen me ſmoke at Will's among the wits;
I'm witty too, as they are—that's by fits.
Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
By three o'clock, to make ſure elbow-room:
While ſpouſe, tuckt-up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog, like troll with budget,
And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and judge it;

Pray

Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,
Or elſe—egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.
Well now, I have but one thing more to ſay,
And that's in reference to our third day;
An odd requeſt—may be you'll think it ſo;
Pray come, whether you like the play or no:
And if you'll ſtay, we ſhall be glad to ſee you,
If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi' you!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

COURT,

ON THE

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY,

1704.

THE happy Muſe, to this high ſcene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier ſtrains be heard;
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual theme,
Shall ſing of virtue and heroic fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the ſtage,
And fruitleſs war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And ſhapes ſhe would reform be forc'd to wear:
While ignorance and malice join to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their ſhame.

Hence-

Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a nobler taſk,
Shew her bright virgin face, and ſcorn the ſatyr's maſk.
Happy her future days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind:
By juſt originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultleſs fair:
Such labours with ſucceſs her hopes may crown,
And ſhame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this deſign her eager thought purſues,
Such various virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chooſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring flight,
One only awes her with ſuperior light.
From that attempt the conſcious Muſe retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aſpires;
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious day:
On that bright ſtar, to whoſe indulgent power
We owe the bleſſings of the preſent hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one ſacred birth, an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By foreign conqueſt, or domeſtic peace.
Then, Britain, then, thy dawn of bliſs begun;
Then broke the morn that lighted up this ſun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe councils ſhould ſucceed,
And by whoſe arm the chriſtian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS,

A PASTORAL;

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD GODOLPHIN,
LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

" Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
" Amiſſos queritur fœtus —
" ——————— miſerabile carmen
" Integrat, & mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet."
VIRG. Geor. 4.

'TWAS at the time when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy ſides firſt ſhake the ſilver dew.

'Twas

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her deſpair,
Forſook her myrtle bower, and roſy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart ſo hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb diſtreſs, and new compaſſion ſhow;
As taught by her to taſte of human woe.
Nature herſelf attentive ſilence kept,
And motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing ſun reſtrain'd his fiery courſe,
And rapid rivers liſten'd at their ſource;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying ſound,
Leſt repetition ſhould her accents drown;
The very morning wind withheld his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiſeleſs trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with loved Amyntas laid.
No noiſe, no whiſpering ſigh, no murmuring groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguiſh could expreſs,
All other mourning would have made it leſs.
"Hear me," ſhe cried, "ye nymphs and ſylvan gods,
"Inhabitants of theſe once-lov'd abodes;
"Hear my diſtreſs, and lend a pitying ear,
"Hear my complaint—you would not hear my prayer;
"The loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
"And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.

"Have

" Have I not cauſe, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
" Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
" Tell me, thou ſun that round the world doth ſhine,
" Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?
" Ye winds, who on your wings ſad accents bear,
" And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
" Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
" Such weight of woe, ſuch deadly ſighs, before?
" Tell me, thou earth, on whoſe wide ſpreading baſe
" The wretched load is laid of human race,
" Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt?
" Lie all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
" When hoary winter on thy ſhrinking head
" His icy, cold, depreſſing hand has laid,
" Haſt thou not felt leſs chillneſs in thy veins?
" Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
" But why to thee do I relate my woe,
" Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeleſs foe,
" Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
" Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
" What is't to me, though on thy naked head
" Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed,
" Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endleſs froſt,
" And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
" To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
" Can my Amyntas be with ſpring reſtor'd?
" Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies,
" Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
" No, never! never!—Say then, rigid earth,
" What is to me thy everlaſting dearth?

" Though

" Though never flower again its head ſhould rear,
" Though never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear,
" Though never graſs ſhould clothe the naked ground,
" Nor ever healing plant or wholeſome herb be found.
" None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
" Nor wholeſome herb was found, nor healing plant,
" To eaſe Amyntas of his cruel pains;
" In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
" But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
" Or poiſonous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.
" And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
" To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
" Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
" A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
" Witneſs to this, ye fawns of every wood,
" Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
" Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
" What ſhowers of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
" How each ran fearful to his moſſy cave,
" When the laſt gaſp the dear Amyntas gave.
" For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
" And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
" Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires appear'd,
" And ſcreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard.
" The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
" And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
" With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
" Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd;
" While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
" Of every help, of every hope bereft;

" To

" To every element expos'd I lay,
" And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.
" For thee, Amyntas, all theſe pains were borne,
" For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were torn;
" For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
" Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
" To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,
" And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
" For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
" The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
" Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
" The joy of ſight, the talk of every tongue?
" Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
" Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
" Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
" Did ever life ſo immaturely end?
" For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
" And every Muſe prepar'd thy future praiſe.
" For thee the buſy nymph ſtripp'd every grove,
" And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
" But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
" To loud lamentings turn the cheerful ſong.
" Their pleaſing taſk the weeping virgins leave,
" And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
" There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
" There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die."
This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her faultering ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.

Along

Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour
Of ſoftly-falling rain a ſilver ſhower;
Her looſely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light:
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs,
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill:
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And Echo multiplied each mournful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were now expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively-ſpringing green;
And Amaryllis ſaw, with wondering eyes,
A flowery bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From every tear that fell a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lovely flower will love to grow.
Think on Amyntas oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks, and take them ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

TO CYNTHIA,

WEEPING, AND NOT SPEAKING.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe hours, which Heaven in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my fair? why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?

Can

Can Diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part;
I am no ſtranger to an aching heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure:
I can bear pain, though hopeleſs of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind diſdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, jealouſy—and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love.
Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.
Through each returning year may that hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the reſt be night.
And ſhall I all this heaven of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn and frowns forbid the fire;

Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,
When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard-falling ſhower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O ſpeak—for woe in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cauſe which words can not expreſs?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think—am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afreſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—muſt we part?
Curſe on that word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.

Oh

Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears and reſtleſs doubts increaſe
And fears and doubts to jealouſy will turn,
The hotteſt hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, every lover;
I'll tell the ſigns by which you may
The wandering ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, though both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III.

With ſkill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect them;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

IV.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And, while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

LESBIA.

WHEN Leſbia firſt I ſaw ſo heavenly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his who ſnatch'd cœleſtial fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous ideot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wiſe obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs heart.

Of native bluſh, and roſy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph ſupply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her ſparkling eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furniſh'd front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of ſize, ſhe is nor ſhort, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther

Farther her perſon to diſcloſe
I leave—let it ſuffice,
She has few faults but what ſhe knows,
And can with ſkill diſguiſe.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aſide.

She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whoſe nicety would ſeem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or ſenſe,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his paſſion.

Whom ſhe refuſes ſhe treats ſtill
With ſo much ſweet behaviour,
That her refuſal, through her ſkill,
Looks almoſt like a favour.

Since ſhe this ſoftneſs can expreſs
To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you'll gueſs,
Of ſuch whom ſhe affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her ſex have done;
She no regard for cuſtom knows,
Which reaſon bids her ſhun.

By reaſon her own reaſon's meant,
Or, if you pleaſe, her will:
For, when this laſt is diſcontent,
The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange man's face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.

So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some cenſure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow
Beſpeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor aſks, nor needs:
For all her favours done
From her love flow, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the ſun.

On one or other ſtill her fires
Diſplay their genial force;
And ſhe, like Sol, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of courſe.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How ſoon a troubled breaſt thy falſehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no diſtreſs is ſhown, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy ſofter powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hovering wings to ſpread,
With friendly ſhade, around my reſtleſs bed?
Can no complainings thy compaſſion move?
Is thy antipathy ſo ſtrong to love?
O no! thou art the proſperous lover's friend,
And doſt uncall'd his pleaſing toils attend.
With equal kindneſs, and with rival charms,
Thy ſlumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her boſom he to thine retires,
Where, ſooth'd with eaſe, the panting youth reſpires,
Till ſoft repoſe reſtore his drooping ſenſe,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what torture does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by deſpair!
From racking thoughts by no kind ſlumber freed,
But painful nights his joyleſs days ſucceed.
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, nor canſt thou eaſe my pain.

Forgive

Forgive what my diſtracting grief has ſaid;
I own, unjuſtly I thy ſloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from reſt withheld;
Implor'd the Muſe to break thy gentle chains,
And ſung with Philomel my nightly ſtrains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her ſong,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my diſtreſs his warbling throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing ſun I mourn,
Wailing alike his abſence and return.
And all for thee—what had I well-nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd muſicians of the grove,
Th' aſſociates of my melody and love,
In moving ſound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So ſhall my Muſe my tuneful ſorrows ſing,
And loſe in air her name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind moleſt,
Soft be her ſlumbers, and ſincere her reſt:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy ſweets prepare;
The peace I loſe for her, to her transfer.
Huſh'd as the falling dews, whoſe noiſeleſs ſhowers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as thoſe dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-aſcend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently riſe,
And to the world reſtore the day-break of her eyes.

TO

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY

L——Y——'S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to ſuperior ſkill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd Muſe exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace ſome image of the much-lov'd fair;
But ſtill my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchleſs art,
Have ſhewn my eyes th' impreſſion in my heart;
The bright idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whoſe daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others ſome faint reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by gueſs.
Thy pictures raiſe no doubts; when brought to view,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent artiſt! how complete thy ſkill!
Thy power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend;

For

For what thy fancy has with fire deſign'd,
Is by thy ſkill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light conſents with ſhade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made;
Judgment and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert is kept in ſtore,
Unpaid, till the deſerver is no more.
Yet thou, in preſent, the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt could judge, and beſt could praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathleſs lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that fame.
Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applauſe by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raiſe,
Is to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whoſe ſilent light
I lonely paſs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witneſs of my ſecret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;

O learn

O learn with me my hopeleſs love to moan;
Commiſerate a life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deſtruction turn,
Waſting that heart by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and ſuffering they diſplay;
At once are ſigns of life, and ſymptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble rays not daring to aſpire
Before the ſun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conſcious ſhame, and equal awe,
To ſhades obſcure, and ſolitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright beams their being firſt aroſe.

OVID'S THIRD BOOK OF THE ART OF LOVE;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

WHEREIN

HE RECOMMENDS THE RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FAIR SEX IN THE CONDUCT OF THEIR AMOURS; AFTER HAVING ALREADY COMPOSED TWO BOOKS FOR THE USE OF MEN UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
But ſome exclaim, "What phrenzy rules your mind?
"Would you increaſe the craft of woman-kind!
"Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may
"Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey."
But, ſure, too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.

Examine

Examine firſt impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With juſtice of their ſiſter-wives complain;
If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Though twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how Laodama's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceſte's piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, Avadne cry'd;
Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire;
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.
Virtue herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if, to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportive Loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart:

Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creuſa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown ſhore
Thy abſence, perjur'd Theſeus, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theſeus, to thy care.
Inquire the cauſe, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea:
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love of itſelf too quickly will expire;
But powerful art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the Cyprian goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; "What have poor women done?

"Why

"Why is that weak, defenceleſs ſex expos'd,
"On every ſide, by men well arm'd, inclos'd?
"Twice are the men inſtructed by the Muſe,
"Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the ſex refuſe.
"The Bard, who injur'd Helen in his ſong,
"Recanted after, and redreſs'd the wrong.
"And you, if on my favour you depend,
"The cauſe of women, while you live, defend."
This ſaid, a myrtle ſprig, which berries bore
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath ſhe wore).
The gift receiv'd, my ſenſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her preſence inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while ſhe prompts my mind:
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waſte your time:
Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet delight:
For rolling years, like ſtealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not hereafter will the loſs repay;
For every morrow will the taſte decay,
And leave leſs reliſh than the former day.
I've ſeen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming roſe vied with the bluſhing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And ſee how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-ſick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.

None, then, will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning flowers.
Then nightly knockings at your door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer, then, may ruſt in peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled ſkin plump fleſh invades!
And what avails it, though the fair-one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigours paſt:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, Cynthia, ſcorn the Latmian ſwain;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus diſdain;
The Paphian queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.

False though they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Though conſtant uſe ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain;
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we aſk a briſker gale.
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs. The well-dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, though heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If Hector's ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tans their ſturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity Rome firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.

This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worſhip'd there.
That lofty pile, where ſenates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw.
And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a track of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought:
Nor for, that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire,
And cleanlineſs more animates love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the face.
What ſuits your features, of your glaſs inquire;
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long ſhould part and flat the hair,
Leſt, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dreſs'd. A face too round
Should ſhow the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either ſhoulder, one her locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he ſings his lays:
Another, all her treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.

Diſhevell'd

Diſhevell'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plait, like ſpiral ſhells, their braided hair,
Others, the looſe and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſeveral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſing negligence enſnare;
Whoſe mornings oft in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides firſt the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain, by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age,
Loſt, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks diſguiſe,
And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.
The well-wove towers they wear, their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they 've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy heads ready dreſs'd,
And chooſe, at public ſhops, what ſuits them beſt.
Coſtly apparel let the fair-one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly muſt in ſuch expence appear,
When more becoming colours are leſs dear?

One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
Such as, through air ſerene, the ſky we view.
With yellow luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the golden-fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the ſea-green wave the caſt diſplay;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array:
And ſome the ſaffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the bluſhing morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one the tincture ſhows;
In this, of amethyſts, the purple grows,
And that more imitates the paler roſe.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whoſe ſilvery plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the cheſnut dye diſclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flowers o'erſpread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's froſt is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which, the thirſty wool imbibes the dye.
Try every one: what beſt becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the ſkin, black may become it beſt,
In black the lovely fair Briſeis dreſs'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wondering ſight.
I need not warn you of too powerful ſmells,
Which ſometimes health, or kindly heat, expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.

Though

Though not to nymphs of Caucaſus I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the Myſian ſpring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And ſkin, when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair-one be aſham'd, who tries
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.
A little book I 've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what pains to pleaſe them I 've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:
Though art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And though your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unſavoury ſcent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the ſight.
Ev'n Myro's ſtatues, which for art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.

Think, how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place.
Add the laſt hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art, why ſhould your lovers know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few of ſtrict inquiry bear the teſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair-one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulder ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does, who does her beſt.
I hate a vixen, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a tale deviſ'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpris'd;

Who

Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tower ſhe wore,
And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall every ſuch diſgrace,
Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn;
A leafleſs tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs head.
But think not theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what huſband, would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?
The crowd I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair,
But of the former ſort, the larger ſhare.
The handſome leaſt require the help of art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
When calm the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lies,
But all his ſkill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.
Faults in your perſon, or your face, correct:
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.

The lean of thick-wrought ſtuff her clothes ſhould chooſe,
And fuller made, than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the Pharian varniſh fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd foot be ever bare.
Round ſhoulders, bolſter'd, will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a breaſt.
Whoſe fingers are too fat, and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another ſpeak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or ſpoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſe the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.
In ſome, diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.
What cannot art attain! Many, with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, through affectation, liſp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.

Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And every ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an Umbrian's ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjuſt;
Nor ſhew too nice a gait, nor too robuſt.
If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare,
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.
Syrens, though monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs, detain:
Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades,
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in Ruelle ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtay'd,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
Ev'n Cerberus and Hell that ſound obey'd.
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.

The

The dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet Callimachus the works rehearſe,
And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verſe.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But ſofteſt Sappho beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruſe;
Of all the Latin bards the nobleſt Muſe.
Ev'n I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines ſome readers may approve,
Since I 've inſtructed either ſex in love.
Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
  Tender epiſtles too by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!
  Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept dancers of the ſtage.
  Of ſome old trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Though it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.

Learn

Learn every game, you 'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head 's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay, weep at laſt.
Good Jove, avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe
From every nymph whoſe heart 's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd:
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed in full career.
Though martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in Tiber's rapid ſtreams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which Cæſar honours, and which Phœbus loves:
Phœbus, who ſunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Auguſtus' victory complete.
Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;

Or

Or where Agrippa firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Iſis' fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the Circus ſee the noble ſport.
In every public place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you 're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, Thamyras tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your ſkill commend?
Had not Apelles drawn the ſea-born queen,
Her beauties ſtill beneath the waves had been.
Poets, inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the Poets were
Of gods and kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning 's thought an idle dream.
Still, there's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?
Who could have been of Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph purſue;
That 'tis her intereſt oft to come in view.
A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make ſure of one.

So,

So, let the fair the gazing crowd aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In every place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil;
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whoſe charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.
Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd:
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such fluttering things all women ſure ſhould hate,
Light as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I ſay is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor eſſenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, eaſy hearts enſnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.

Poor

Poor Chloe, robb'd, runs crying through the ſtreets;
And as ſhe runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, Venus, haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy Appian votaries!
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt every nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid.
Truſt not a Theſeus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theſeus' crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.
Promiſe for promiſe equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may ſacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her huſband in her arms for hire;
Who firſt to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
But hold, my Muſe, check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.
If love-epiſtles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are ſent, to ſound your heart;
Let all ſuch letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be ſecretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a paſſion is, and when ſincere.
Ere in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, increaſe deſire:

Nor

Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain:
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increaſe,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
Be ſure avoid ſet phraſes, when you write;
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtyle too coarſe takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
But ſince (though chaſtity be not your care),
You from your huſband ſtill would hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who, raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcoveries ſure as lightning blaſt.
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhould with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſeveral hands you learn'd to write!
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;

As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now greater things to tell, my Muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; ſhe flung it quite aſide:
"Nor is thy muſic ſo much worth," ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome airs diſguſt create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So Love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties ſullen heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, waſtes all the night.

Had

Had they not both borne children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
"My life, my ſoul;" or ſpeak endearing words.
Why from compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent generals uſe,
And how their ſeveral officers they chooſe;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horſe is thought more fit.
So you your ſeveral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find them qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyer ſhould, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall through the world be blaz'd;
So Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt, Lycoris' praiſes ring;
Nor are Corinna's ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And both to tenderneſs our hearts incline.

Be gentle, virgins, to the Poet's prayer,
The God that fills him, and the Muſe revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heaven
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone be given.
'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.
As ſkilful riders rein with different force,
A new-back'd courſer, and a well-train'd horſe;
Do you, by different management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth diſdains, endure:
No windows break, nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſs's attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
Then ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How ſurely to enſlave ourſelves we ſhow!

To truſt a traitor, you'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Would you retain him long, then long refuſe.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
"Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny."
The very huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far with foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
Know ſharp weapons for the ſex provide;
No doubt, againſt myſelf to ſee them try'd.
When firſt a lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe would languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.
Then ſtrains the courſer, to outſtrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.

Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your huſband's ſpies beſet the door:
Though free as Thais, ſtill affect a fright,
For ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window ſteal,
Though he might enter at the door as well;
And ſometimes let your maid ſurpriſe pretend,
And beg you in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhould grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the huſband, and the ſpy.
That wives ſhould of their huſbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law:
But that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am ſure, denies:
For ſuch fair nymphs theſe precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though ſtuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you ſhall elude his care.
When you to waſh or bathe retire from ſight,
Can he obſerve what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her breaſt, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her ſhoe?

Yet,

Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her back undreſs,
And, writing on her ſkin, your mind expreſs.
New milk, or pointed ſpires of flax, when green,
Will ink ſupply, and letters mark unſeen:
Fair will the paper ſhew, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm aſhes ſpread.
Acriſius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of braſs a grandſire made.
Can ſpies avail, when you to plays reſort,
Or in the Circus view the noble ſport?
Or, can you be to Iſis' fane purſued,
Or Cybele's, whoſe rites all men exclude?
Though watchful ſervants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room:
Or when ſome ſudden ſickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your ſick-bed a friend?
Falſe keys a private paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beſides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower treat;
When drunk, you may with eaſe his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too ſudden a ſurpriſe,
Prepare a ſleeping draught to ſeal his eyes:
Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But what need all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is appeas'd.

With preſents, fools and wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.
Once, I remember, I with cauſe complain'd
Of jealouſy, occaſion'd by a friend:
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not too far your ſhe-companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhould intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your ſtead;
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.
But whither do I run with heedleſs rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound inſtructed by the hare?
But, all ſelf-ends and intereſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art:
Defenceleſs and unarm'd, expoſe my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.
Perpetual fondneſs of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your deſign will aid,
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſy to perſuade.
With dying eyes his face and form ſurvey,
Then ſigh, and wonder he ſo long could ſtay.

Now

Now drop a tear your ſorrows to aſſuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage:
Such proofs as theſe will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly one, ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.
Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtraight fly out, when you a rival fear:
Let not your paſſion o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.
Near where his purple head Hymettus ſhows,
And flowering hills, a ſacred fountain flows;
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade.
There roſemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine.
The tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſſus and garden-pines abound:
While through the boughs ſoft winds of Zephyr paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt;
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."

But

But ſome tale-bearing, too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him, as he thus complain'd;
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place:
Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound forbore.
Now all diſhevell'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves below her friends,
And all alone the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (ſuch was thy thought),
She now ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears;
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which all it fears, too eaſily believes.

And

And now a chilneſs runs through every vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day ſun:
With water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And heard him ſoon th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
"Come, Zephyr; Aura, come; allay this heat:"
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms,
But Cephalus, the ruſtling noiſe alarms;
Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtrait his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold, hold, unhappy youth!"—I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.
"Me, me (ſhe cries) thou'ſt wounded with thy dart!
"But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
"Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,
"Since, though untimely, I unrivall'd die:
"Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
"Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made;
At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp her huſband's lips receive.
Now, to purſue our voyage we provide,
Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.

You

You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhould teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt.
For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind
From candle-light no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And ſtill before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
Though more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.
I own, I think, of wine the moderate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch ſleeps brutalities are done,
Which, though you loathe, you have no power to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: nor more, my Muſe
With weary wings the labour'd flight purſues;
Her purple ſwans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.

Thus,

Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhow,
And equal arms on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid muſt own their maſter is in love.

OF

PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'TIS ſtrange, dear Temple, how it comes to paſs,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace ſings—and ſure as ſtrange is this,
That no one man's diſpleas'd with what he is.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.
Nor is that all, ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd fops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the ſkies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch to ſecreſy pretends,
Whiſpering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with art
Who nothing has to loſe, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

Thus

Thus man perverſe againſt plain nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luſcus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noiſome Curculio, whoſe envenom'd breath,
Though at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your noſe;
Therſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontleſs impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft airs, and with a ſlur comes in,
Attempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper ſphere,
But, that forſaken, we like comets err:
Toſs'd through the void, by ſome rude ſhock we're broke,
And all her boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or eaſe,
Men moſt affect in general to pleaſe;
Of this affection vanity's the ſource,
And vanity alone obſtructs its courſe;
That teleſcope of fools, through which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt ſcales his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to ſome merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.

Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no Bavius, but a Bickerſtaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
If Addiſon, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We ſtudy them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
All rules of pleaſing in this one unite,
"Affect not any thing in Nature's ſpite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-reſembling human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault,
"But for not being what they would be thought."
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleaſing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem
By Nature form'd for love, and for eſteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loathe to flatter, though I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applauſe
You've won in arms, and in your country's cauſe;

Nor

Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.
But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay
That I preſume too much in this eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned perſon once
(Concern'd to find his only ſon a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whoſe memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholeſome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatiſe by,
Till time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the ſire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclept, Of Memory the Art.
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the ſtory that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my caſe: like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the line, and meaſure out the ways.

The

The Mulcibers, who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad by what they write.

A LETTER

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

"Albi ſermonum noſtrorum candide judex."

SINCEREST critic of my proſe or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleaſing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuſes thy retreat?
Or ſtratagems of war, or ſchemes of ſtate?
Doſt thou recal to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whoſe ſlighteſt trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance riſing warm thy heart
With glory paſt, where thou thyſelf hadſt part?
Or doſt thou grieve indignant now to ſee
The fruitleſs end of all thy victory;

To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdued,
Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they ſued,
As if Britannia now were ſunk ſo low,
To beg that peace ſhe wonted to beſtow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that ſhame!
That England ſhould retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the luſtre of her ſword.
Or doſt thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural ſcenes;
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raiſe the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent ſprings to lift their heads,
On watery columns, capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or doſt thou, weary grown, theſe works neglect,
No temples, ſtatues, obeliſks, erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads?
Or ſhun the noontide ray in wholeſome ſhades?
Or ſlowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wiſe and good?
For nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A perſon pleaſing with a worthy mind;
Not given thee form alone, but means, and art,
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praiſe in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to uſe that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;

Graceful in form, and winning in addreſs;
While well you think, what aptly you expreſs;
With health, with honour, with a fair eſtate,
A table free, and eloquently neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliſs?
What can he want who ſtands poſſeſt of this?
What can the fondeſt wiſhing mother more
Of heaven attentive for her ſon implore?
And yet a happineſs remains unknown,
Or to philoſophy reveal'd alone;
A precept, which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleaſure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever paſſions may thy mind infeſt,
(Where is that mind which paſſions ne'er moleſt?)
Amidſt the pangs of ſuch inteſtine ſtrife,
Still think the preſent day the laſt of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wiſe,
To-morrow's ſun to thee may never riſe.
Or ſhould to-morrow chance to cheer thy ſight
With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
As favours unexpected doubly pleaſe.
Who thus can think, and who ſuch thoughts purſues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly loſe:
All proofs of this thou may'ſt thyſelf receive,
When leiſure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, ſee thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or ſtriving to forget;

In eaſy contemplation ſoothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
Not ſo robuſt in body, as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with thoſe of our fore-fathers days;
For virtue now is neither more or leſs,
And vice is only varied in the dreſs.
Believe it, men have ever been the ſame,
And all the golden age is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

ON

MISS TEMPLE,

AFTERWARDS LADY OF SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON.

LEAVE, leave the drawing-room,
Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;
The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
Now triumphs at the wells.
Her ſhape, and air, and eyes,
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wiſe,
The beau, in ſpite of box and dice,
Acknowledge, all excels.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe, ceaſe, to aſk her name,
The crowned Muſe's nobleſt theme,
Whoſe glory by immortal fame
Shall only founded be.
But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row;
Who moſt does like an angel ſhow,
You may be ſure 'tis ſhe.

See near thoſe ſacred ſprings,
Which cure to fell diſeaſes brings,
(As ancient fame of Ida ſings)
Three goddeſſes appear!
Wealth, glory, two poſſeſt;
The third with charming beauty bleſt,
So fair, that heaven and earth confeſt
She conquer'd every where.

Like her, this charmer now
Makes every love-ſick gazer bow;
Nay, even old age her power allow,
And baniſh'd flames recall.
Wealth can no trophy rear,
Nor glory now the garland wear:
To beauty every Paris here
Devotes the golden ball.

EPIGRAM

ON THE

SICKNESS OF MADAM MOHUN, AND MR. CONGREVE.

ONE fatal day, a ſympathetic fire
Seiz'd him that writ, and her that did inſpire.
Mohun, the Muſes theme, their maſter Congreve,
Beauty and wit, had like to 've lain in one grave.

A

PINDARIC ODE

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE

QUEEN,

ON THE

VICTORIOUS PROGRESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS UNDER THE CONDUCT OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

" ——Operosa parvus
" Carmina fingo." HOR. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient Lyric Poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems intituled Pindaric Odes; pretending to

be written in imitation of the manner and ſtyle of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one Ode contrived after his model. What idea can an Engliſh reader have of Pindar (to whoſe mouth, when a child, the bees brought their honey, in omen of the future ſweetneſs and melody of his ſongs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating papers of verſes, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of theſe late Pindarics is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expreſſed in a like parcel of irregular ſtanzas, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another complication of diſproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verſes and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which theſe titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact obſervation of the meaſures and numbers of his ſtanzas and verſes, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digreſſions are frequent, and his tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to the underſtanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been ſo miſunderſtood and miſapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the ſtanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correſpondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the Ode.

All

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are ſongs of triumph, victory, or ſucceſs, in the Grecian games: they were ſung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and ſometimes to the lyre and pipe; they conſiſted oſteneſt of three ſtanzas; the firſt was called the Strophé, from the verſion or circular motion of the ſingers in that ſtanza from the right hand to the left. The ſecond ſtanza was called the Antiſtrophé, from the contraverſion of the chorus; the ſingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the Strophé. The third ſtanza was called the Epode (it may be as being the after-ſong), which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of theſe different motions and ſtations in ſinging their Odes, is not our preſent buſineſs to inquire. Some have thought that, by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antiſtrophé, they intended to repreſent the contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in reſpect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that, by their ſtanding ſtill at the Epode, they meant to ſignify the ſtability of the earth. Others aſcribe the inſtitution to Theſeus, who thereby expreſſed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method obſerved in the compoſition of theſe Odes, was therefore as follows: The poet having made choice of a certain number of verſes to conſtitute his Strophé or firſt ſtanza, was obliged to obſerve the ſame in his Antiſtrophé, or ſecond ſtanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number

number of verſes and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third ſtanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diverſified his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him: compoſing that ſtanza of more or fewer verſes than the former, and thoſe verſes of different meaſures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this Epode being thus formed, he was ſtrictly obliged to the ſame meaſure as often as he ſhould repeat it in the order of his Ode, ſo that every Epode in the ſame Ode is eternally the ſame in meaſure and quantity, in reſpect to itſelf; as is alſo every Strophé and Antiſtrophé, in reſpect to each other.

The lyric poet Steſichorus (whom Longinus reckons amongſt the ableſt imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian ſays, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been neareſt of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventer of this order in the Ode, yet ſo ſtrict an obſerver of it in his compoſitions, that the three ſtanzas of Steſichorus became a common proverb to expreſs a thing univerſally known, "ne tria quidem Steſichori nôſti;" ſo that when any one had a mind to reproach another with exceſſive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "he did not ſo much as know the "three ſtanzas of Steſichorus;" that is, did not know that an Ode ought to conſiſt of a Strophé, an Antiſtrophé, and an Epode. If this was ſuch a mark of ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long

long liable to the ſame reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long Preface to a ſhort Ode, nor to enter upon a diſſertation of Lyric Poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to ſay, for the information of thoſe readers whoſe courſe of ſtudy has not led them into ſuch inquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this enſuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for my imitators for the future: far from ſuch thoughts; I have only given an inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to ſing our Odes, the titles, as well as uſe of Strophé, Antiſtrophé, and Epode, are obſolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good Engliſh Odes, without the diſtinction of Greek appellations to their ſtanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and obſerved the order of them in the enſuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the compoſition of theſe Odes, which have been repreſented to us hitherto, as the moſt confuſed ſtructures in nature.

However, though there be no neceſſity that our triumphal Odes ſhould conſiſt of the three afore-mentioned ſtanzas; yet if the reader can obſerve that the great variation of the numbers in the third ſtanza (call it

it Epode, or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the ſame quantities and meaſures; I cannot ſee why ſome uſe may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the Engliſh Ode. There is certainly a pleaſure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; eſpecially if it appears ſo carefully executed, that the difficulty does not ſhew itſelf, till it is ſought for; and that the ſeeming eaſineſs of the work, firſt ſets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When ſymmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleaſed. Therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and muſic, ſhould not be deſtitute of them; and of all poetry, eſpecially the Ode, whoſe end and eſſence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, ſpeaking of the muſic of numbers, ſays, "which ſome-"times (eſpecially in Songs and Odes) almoſt without "any thing elſe makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that ſomething ſhould be ſaid of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our diſcourſe. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing ſhould be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The beauty of his verſes are an atonement for the irregularity of his ſtanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the ſtrictneſs

ſtrictneſs of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and ſublimity of his ſtyle and ſentiments.

Yet I muſt beg leave to add, that I believe thoſe irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occaſion of ſo many deformed poems ſince, which, inſtead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to uſe the Italian painters term) been only caricatures of him, reſemblances that for the moſt part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having heretofore miſcalled a few irregular ſtanzas a Pindaric Ode; and poſſibly, if others, who have been under the ſame miſtake, would ingenuouſly confeſs the truth, they might own that, never having conſulted Pindar himſelf, they took all his irregularity upon truſt; and, finding their account in the great eaſe with which they could produce Odes without being obliged either to meaſure or deſign, remained ſatisfied; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet, if Pauſanias was well informed, we may be aſſured that brevity was a beauty which he moſt induſtriouſly laboured to preſerve in his Hymns, notwithſtanding, as the ſame author reports, that they were but few in number.

The ſhortneſs of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in ſome meaſure for the defects which may be found in it. It conſiſts of the ſame number of ſtanzas with that beautiful

tiful Ode of Pindar, which is the firſt of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I reſolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the laſt Strophé of the ſame Ode; which take in the paraphraſe of Sudorius.

" Qui multa paucis ſtringere commode
" Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
" Spernunt, & auris menſque pura
" Omne ſupervacuum rejectat."

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muſe,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chooſe,
Of Anna's name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy æthereal wing,
And conſecrate with dews of thy Caſtalian ſpring?

II.

Without thy aid, the moſt aſpiring mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praiſe.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humbleſt ſwain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III. High

III.

High in the ſtarry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus ſung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;
That harp which on Cyllene's ſhady hill,
When firſt the vocal ſhell was found,
With more than mortal ſkill
Inventer Hermes taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright Latona's ſon,
By ſweet perſuaſion won,
The wondrous work beſtow'd;
Latona's ſon, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
A god the gift, a god th' invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding lyre I tune my ſtrains;
A lower note his lofty ſong diſdains
Who ſings of Anna's name.
The lyre is ſtruck! the ſounds I hear!
O Muſe, propitious to my prayer!
O well-known ſounds! O Melody, the ſame
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame.

II.

Nor are theſe ſounds to Britiſh bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witneſs ſweet Spenſer's lays;
And witneſs that immortal ſong,
As Spenſer ſweet, as Milton ſtrong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raiſe,
And mighty William ſing with well-proportion'd praiſe.

III. Riſe

III.

Riſe, fair Auguſta, lift thy head,
With golden towers thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With cheerful ray the ruddy morn.
Thy lovely form, and freſh-reviving ſtate,
In cryſtal flood of Thames ſurvey;
Then bleſs thy better fate,
Bleſs Anna's moſt auſpicious ſway.
While diſtant realms and neighbouring lands,
Arm'd troops and hoſtile bands
On every ſide moleſt,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair Capital of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon reſt.

I.

As Britain's iſle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver ſhores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's Queen, amidſt the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the baſe of her well-founded ſtate,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the ſhocks of fate.

II.

But greateſt ſouls, though bleſt with ſweet repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with ſenſe of others woes.
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and ſoft pity prone,
And mov'd with ſorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common good, and ſuccour human-kind.

III. Fly,

III.

Fly, tyranny; no more be known
Within Europa's bliſsful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable zone
Fly every hoſpitable ground.
To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, Night,
Unpeopled empire ſhare,
And rob thoſe lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When Juſtice ſhall have power;
Juſtice to earth reſtor'd!
Again Aſtrea reigns!
Anna her equal ſcale maintains,
And Marlborough wields her ſure-deciding ſword.

I.

Now, couldſt thou ſoar, my Muſe, to ſing the man
In heights ſublime, as when the Mantuan ſwan
Her towering pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhould'ſt of Marlborough ſing, whoſe hand
Unerring from his Queen's command,
Far as the ſeven-mouth'd Iſter's ſecret head,
To ſave th' Imperial ſtate, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy ſong ſhould end; though all the Nine
Might well their harps and heavenly voices join
To ſing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay;
And ſpoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim ſing,
And with ſucceſs that ſong purſue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor ſtill in view?
For as the ſun ne'er ſtops his radiant flight,
Nor ſets but with impartial ray,
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great Marlborough, ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his courſe:
To climes remote and near
His conquering arms by turns appear,
And univerſal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muſe,
For O! what notes, what numbers could'ſt thou chooſe,
Though in all numbers ſkill'd,
To ſing the hero's matchleſs deed,
Which Belgia ſav'd, and Brabant freed;
To ſing Ramillia's day! to which muſt yield
Cannæ's illuſtrious fight, and fam'd Pharſalia's field?

II.

In the ſhort courſe of a diurnal ſun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt flight, and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III. Still

III.

Still would the willing Muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong;
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.
Go on, great chief, in Anna's cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the terrors of thy ſword,
Till Europe thou haſt freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils;
Rewards ev'n worthy of thy toils,
The Queen's juſt favour, and thy Country's love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL of GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

" ——Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ:
" Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſerâ ambitione laborat.
" Hunc capit argenti ſplendor——
" Hic mutat merces ſurgente à ſole, ad eum quo
" Veſpertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps
" Fertur————————
" Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas."

HOR. L. i. Sat. 4.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition ſome excites;
And ſome deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas, and air;
Preſſing the doubtful voyage till India's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II. Now

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;
Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threatening ſkies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe:
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raiſe, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for theſe his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus ſtring,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, Caſtalia, turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, ſhady Aonia, grow
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty Jove, yet how ſevere,
Is thy ſupreme decree,
That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The Muſe's harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompenſe
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous Typhœus thus new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the ſkies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the ſeas, and far Campania's ſhore;
While all his hundred mouths at once reſpire
Volumes of curling ſmoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And ſenſe of ſacred ſong!
And thus moſt pleaſing are the Muſe's lays
To them who merit moſt her praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee her ivory lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether affairs of moſt important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cauſe and Europe's fate
Thy ſerious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are ſpent
In cares, on public good intent;

Or whether leiſure hours invite
To manly ſports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous ſteeds conteſt, with emulation fir'd!

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe Theron ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
Olympian Piſa rung:
Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her voice.
And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, ſhe takes delight
The ſwift-heel'd horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid flight.

III.

And ſee! the air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, paſſing, print the plain!
The winds themſelves, who with their ſwiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe;
And now, my Muſe, prepare
Of olive-leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.

Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach; the ſtroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous ſight!
Neptune for human good the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to bear the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended (noble ſtriſe,
Worthy the heavenly mind!)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus thou, Godolphin, doſt with Marlborough ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet Peace at home thy care ſecures.

AN

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I ſend,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I tell it with ſome variation
(Not altogether a tranſlation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whoſe Muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The ſubject is of that ſame kind,
To which thy heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How verſe may alter it, God knows;
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in proſe.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in ſuſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curſt of mind,
To help a lover in diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a charm with ſuch ſucceſs,
That in ſhort ſpace the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his ſalvation,
And Satan ſtak'd his reputation.

The latter promis'd on his part
(To ſerve his friend, and ſhew his art),
That madam ſhould by twelve o'clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiſs and coo like any dove.
In ſhort, the woman ſhould be his,
That is, upon condition—Viz.
That he, the lover, after taſting
What one would wiſh were everlaſting,
Should, in return for ſuch enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with freſh employment:
" That's all, quoth Pug; my poor requeſt
" Is, only, never to have reſt.
" You thought, 'tis like, with reaſon too,
" That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not you:
" But what? upon my friend impoſe!
" No—though a devil, none of thoſe.
" Your buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
" Is nothing more but to command me.
" Of one thing only let me warn ye;
" Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye:
" As ſoon as e'er one work is done,
" Strait name a new one; and ſo on:
" Let each to other quick ſucceed,
" Or elſe—you know how 'tis agreed—
" For if through any hums or haws
" There haps an intervening pauſe,
" In which, for want of freſh commands,
" Your ſlave obſequious idle ſtands,

" Nor

" Nor ſoul nor body ever more
" Shall ſerve the nymph whom you adore;
" But both be laid at Satan's feet,
" To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the lover all approves;
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
" Why, after all, I venture nought;
" What myſtery is in commanding?
" Does that require much underſtanding?
" Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
" He'd go the better of the lay:
" But he muſt do what I think fit—
" Pſhaw, pſhaw, young Belzebub is bit."
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The ſpell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In ſweet embraces, balmy kiſſes,
And riots in the bliſs of bliſſes.
" O joy," cried he, " that has no equal!"
But hold—no raptures—mark the ſequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a ſilky ſlumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Dæmon near,
Now buzz'd for buſineſs in his ear:
In haſte, he names a thouſand things;
The goblin plies his wicker wings,

And

And in a trice returns to aſk
Another and another taſk.
Now palaces are built and towers,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then ſtorms are in an inſtant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now ſhowers of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
Theſe things, and ſtranger things than theſe,
Were done with equal ſpeed and eaſe.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll ſend;
And Pug ſoon reach'd his journey's end,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the Squire (who had ſome hope
In holy water and the pope)
Was out of heart, and at a ſtand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black deſpair ſucceeds brown ſtudy.
In this diſtreſs the woeful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counſel, for whoſe ſake
Both ſoul and body were at ſtake.
"And is this all?" replies the fair:
"Let me alone to cure this care.
"When next your Dæmon ſhall appear,
"Pray give him—look, what I hold here,

"And

" And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
" To lay theſe ringlets lank and ſtrait."
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
" Your Goblin's ſkill ſhall now be try'd."
She ſaid; and gave—what ſhall I call
That thing ſo ſhining, criſp, and ſmall,
Which round his finger ſtrove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
Or ſprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages ſee
The ſpur and prize of chivalry,
Whoſe curls of kindred texture grace
Heroes and kings of Spaniſh race.
The ſpark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He iſſues, thus, his ſtrict command:
" This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
" Render direct, and perpendicular;
" But ſo direct, that in no ſort
" It ever may in rings retort.
" See me no more till this be done:
" Hence, to thy taſk—avaunt, be gone."
Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:

Anvils

Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hammering noiſe.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtic fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
"This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe,
"When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in ooze."
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old Ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Antæus, whence he ſprung,
From every fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what ſlight to practiſe next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phænomenon.

Some-

Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No end he ſees of his ſurpriſe,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never was yet wool or feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, reſiſt
Both wind and rain, and ſnow and miſt.
What ſtuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What ſpinſter which could ſpin ſuch thread,
He nothing knew; but, to his coſt,
Knew all his fame and labour loſt.
Subdued, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that Superb Muſtach.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the man the Dæmon went:
"I grant," quoth he, "our contract null,
"And give you a diſcharge in full.
"But tell me now, in name of wonder,
"(Since I ſo candidly knock under)
"What is this thing? Where could it grow?
"Pray take it—'tis in ſtatu quo.
"Much good may't do you; for my part,
"I waſh my hands of 't from my heart."
"In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"
Replies the lad, "you're too ſoon weary.
"What, leave this trifling taſk undone!
"And think'ſt thou this the only one?

"Alas!

Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hammering noiſe.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtic fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
"This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe,
"When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in ooze."
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old Ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Antæus, whence he ſprung,
From every fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what ſlight to practiſe next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phænomenon.

Some-

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"And think'ſt thou this the only one?

"Alas!

" Alas! were this ſubdued, thou'dſt find
" Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind;
" Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
" Both you and all your whole fraternity."

THE

PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT ſo befell: a ſilly ſwain
Had ſought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn, to ſeek the ſhade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly lad and buxom laſs:
The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent;
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch wonder ſtruck his ſight
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, " What?
" What ſee I, gods! What ſee I not!"

But

But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight ſtopt him ſhort in mid career;
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honeſt friend,
"That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
"Doſt ſee the heifer that I ſeek?
"If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak."

HOMER'S HYMN

TO

VENUS.

SING, Muſe, the force and all-informing fire,
Of Cyprian Venus, goddeſs of deſire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds, and ravenous beaſts of prey,
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway.
Thro' pathleſs air, and boundleſs ocean's ſpace,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts, her care extends.
Of all the numerous hoſt of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.

Blue-ey'd Minerva free preſerves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the ſkill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;
T'aught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield:
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom,
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.
Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the woodland deer;
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear.
Sometimes, of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where virtue reigns.
The third celeſtial power averſe to love
Is virgin Veſta, dear to mighty Jove;
Whom Neptune ſought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſu'd.
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and Jove aſſenting, bow'd his head.

But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on a throne ſhe ſits amidſt the ſkies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice;
For holy rites to Veſta firſt are paid,
And on her altar firſt-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

Theſe are the powers above, and only theſe,
Whom Love and Cytherea's art diſpleaſe;
Of other beings, none in earth or ſkies
Her force reſiſts, or influence denies.
With eaſe her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior ſway.
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft deſcends, his creatures to adore;
While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty firſt among th' æthereal race;
Whom, all tranſcending, in ſuperior worth,
Wiſe Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herſelf with love inſpir'd.
Swift through her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man;

That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferior love;
And not inſultingly the gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus, Jove ordain'd, ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongſt the ſprings which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchiſes fed;
Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs, ſoon as ſeen:
To Cyprus ſtraight the wounded goddeſs flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd:
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair,
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold;
And, thus attir'd, her chariot ſhe aſcends,
And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy ſhe bends.

On Ida ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat,
Which lov'd Anchiſes choſe for his retreat;
And ever as ſhe walk'd through lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood;
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.

Dogs,

Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For every glance ſhe gives ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.
Meantime the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her Anchiſes was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and fought the plains;
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter ſtood,
In form and dreſs, a huntreſs of the wood;
For, had he ſeen the goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been ſurpris'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To ſee a nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd:
For from her flowing robe a luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant flames ſhe were array'd;
Her hair in part diſclos'd, and part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held:
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breaſt;
Bright as the moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent light,
And charm'd his ſenſe with wonder and delight.
Thus while Anchiſes gaz'd, through every vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleaſing pain:
At length he ſpake — "All hail, celeſtial fair!
"Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.

" Whoe'er thou art, deſcended from above,
" Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love;
" All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid:
" Or art thou * Themis? or the † blue-ey'd maid?
" Or art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
" Who with the gods ſhare immortality?
" Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
" Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods?
" Whoe'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous field,
" I to thy honour will an altar build,
" Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare,
" O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
" Grant me, among the Trojan race to prove
" A patriot worthy of my country's love;
" Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg I next may be
" Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
" Happy in health, long let me ſee the ſun,
" And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
He ſaid.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
" Delight of human kind, thy ſex's pride!
" Honour'd Anchiſes, you behold in me
" No goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
" But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
" Otreus my father (you have heard the name),
" Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
" And all her towns and fortreſſes commands.
" When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
" There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;

* The Goddeſs of Equity and Right. † Pallas.

" Then

" Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
" I, like my own, can ſpeak the Trojan tongue.
" In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
" Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the cauſe unfold.
" As late our ſports we practis'd on the plain,
" I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
" Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
" And by admiring crowds encompaſs'd round,
" Lo! hovering o'er my head I ſaw the god
" Who Argus ſlew, and bears the golden rod;
" Sudden he ſeiz'd, then bore me from their ſight,
" Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight:
" O'er many ſtates and peopled towns we paſs'd,
" O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deſarts waſte;
" O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholeſome fens,
" And woods where beaſts inhabit dreadful dens.
" Through all which pathleſs way our ſpeed was ſuch,
" We ſtopt not once the face of earth to touch.
" Meantime he told me, while through air we fled,
" That Jove ordain'd I ſhould Anchiſes wed,
" And with illuſtrious offspring bleſs his bed.
" This ſaid, and pointing to me your abode,
" To heaven again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd God:
" Thus, of neceſſity, to you I come,
" Unknown, and loſt, far from my native home.
" But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
" By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
" By your good parents (for no bad could e'er
" Produce a ſon ſo graceful, good, and fair),

" That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
" But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
" Inviolate and guiltleſs of your bed,
" Let me be to your houſe and mother led.
" Me to your father and your brothers ſhow,
" And our alliance firſt let them allow:
" Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
" And no unequal match I may be found.
" Equality to them my birth may claim,
" Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
" Though for your wife of too inferior fame.
" Next, let ambaſſadors to Phrygia haſte,
" To tell my father of my fortunes paſt,
" And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate
" Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
" They, in return, ſhall preſents bring from thence
" Of rich attire, and ſums of gold immenſe:
" You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
" In price and beauty far above the reſt.
" This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
" Grateful to men below, and gods above."
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtle fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires.
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
The panting youth the ſmiling queen addreſs'd.
" Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
" And Otreus you report your father's name;
" And ſince th' immortal Hermes from above,
" To execute the dread commands of Jove,

" Your

" Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
" A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
" Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
" One minute to defer the happy hour;
" This inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
" Mix with thy ſoul, and melt within thy arms:
" Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
" Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
" Tho' death, tho' hell, in conſequence attend,
" Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend."
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil;
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.
Her ſparkling necklace firſt he laid aſide;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied:
And now, his buſy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waiſt;
Her radiant robe, at laſt, aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy hue with dazzling luſtre ſhone.
The Queen of Love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo Jove and fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extreme of ecſtaſy attain'd;

And

And mortal he, was like th' immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But when the ſwains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field returning, led
Their ſheep to fold, and oxen to the ſhed;
In ſoft and pleaſing chains of ſleep profound,
The wary goddeſs her Anchiſes bound:
Then gently riſing from his ſide and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now her fair-crown'd head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herſelf appears:
Her face refulgent, and majeſtic mien,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs, love's and beauty's queen.
Then thus aloud ſhe calls. "Anchiſes, wake;
"Thy fond repoſe and lethargy forſake:
"Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
"Behold me well—ſay, if I ſeem the ſame."
At her firſt call the chains of ſleep were broke,
And, ſtarting from his bed, Anchiſes woke:
But when he Venus view'd without diſguiſe,
Her ſhining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Awed and abaſh'd, he turn'd his head aſide,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppreſs'd,
In winged words he thus the queen addreſs'd.
"When firſt, O goddeſs, I thy form beheld,
"Whoſe charms ſo far humanity excell'd;
"To thy celeſtial pow'r my vows I paid,
"And with humility implor'd thy aid:

"But

" But thou, for ſecret cauſe to me unknown,
" Didſt thy divine immortal ſtate diſown.
" But now, I beg thee by the filial love
" Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
" Compaſſion on my human ſtate to ſhow;
" Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
" Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
" Nor let me ſhare of men the common fate:
" Since never man with length of days was bleſt,
" Who in delights of love a deity poſſeſs'd."
To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied;
" Be bold, Anchiſes; in my love confide:
" Nor me, nor other god, thou needſt to fear,
" For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
" Know, from our loves, thou ſhalt a ſon obtain,
" Who over all the realm of Troy ſhall reign;
" From whom a race of monarchs ſhall deſcend,
" And whoſe poſterity ſhall know no end.
" To him thou ſhalt the name Æneas give,
" As one, for whoſe conception I muſt grieve,
" Oft as I think he to exiſt began
" From my conjunction with a mortal man."
But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a ſuperior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
And next reſembling gods in form and mind.
From thence great Jove to azure ſkies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The youth enjoys a bleſs'd eternity.

In

In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his ſire, his abſence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where the boy was borne:
Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
Diſpatch'd Argicides to his relief;
And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
He ſent him horſes of a deathleſs kind,
Whoſe feet outſtript, in ſpeed, the rapid wind:
Charging withal ſwift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly ſtate;
Where all his hours are paſt in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death deſtroy.
Now, when this embaſſy the king receives,
No more for abſent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleaſing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his ſwift-heel'd ſteeds he drives.

" But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
" Tithonus partner of her roſy bed,
" (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
" Reſembling gods in face and form divine)
" For him ſhe ſtrait the Thunderer addreſs'd,
" That with perpetual life he might be bleſs'd:
" Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her requeſt.
" But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
" The moſt material bleſſing to omit;
" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
" That length of days might be with ſtrength ſupplied;
" And to her lover's endleſs life, engage
" An endleſs youth, incapable of age.

" But

" But hear what fate befell this heav'nly fair,
" In gold enthron'd, the brighteſt child of air.
" Tithonus, while of pleaſing youth poſſeſs'd,
" Is by Aurora with delight careſs'd;
" Dear to her arms, he in her court reſides,
" Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmoſt tides.
" But when ſhe ſaw grey hairs begin to ſpread,
" Deform his beard, and diſadorn his head,
" The goddeſs cold in her embraces grew,
" His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
" Yet ſtill a kind of nurſing care ſhe ſhow'd,
" And food ambroſial, and rich clothes beſtow'd:
" But when of age he felt the ſad extreme,
" And ev'ry nerve was ſhrunk, and limb was lame,
" Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
" Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.
" On terms like theſe, I never can deſire
" Thou ſhouldſt to immortality aſpire.
" Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
" Thy ſtrength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
" Couldſt thou for ever thus my huſband prove,
" I might live happy in thy endleſs love;
" Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day,
" When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay.
" But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
" Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
" Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
" All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

Now,

" Now, know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
" And for thy ſake reproach and ſhame muſt bear.
" For I, who heretofore in chains of love
" Could captivate the minds of gods above,
" And force them, by my all-ſubduing charms,
" To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms:
" Muſt now no more that pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
" Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt;
" Since I myſelf this dear amends have made,
" And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.
" Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
" This hour, by thee, I have a ſon conceiv'd;
" Whom hid beneath my zone, I muſt conceal,
" Till time his being and my ſhame reveal.
" Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods adorn,
" In their deep boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born;
" They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
" Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on ambroſia feed,
" And long they live, and oft in chorus join
" With gods and goddeſſes in dance divine.
" Theſe the Sileni court; theſe Hermes loves,
" And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.
" Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
" From common parent earth's prolific juice;
" With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
" Or ample-ſpreading oaks at once they grow;
" All have their trees allotted to their care,
" Whoſe growth, duration, and decreaſe they ſhare.

" But

" But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
" And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
" But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
" It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
" The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
" And laſt the boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
" And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
" And live and die coæval with their trees.
" Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
" Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon;
" And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bluſhes glow,
" To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.
" More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall end,
" I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
" Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy ſight,
" Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight;
" Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
" And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
" There, if inquiry ſhall be made, to know
" To whom thou doſt ſo bright an offspring owe;
" Be ſure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
" But ready anſwer make as I direct.
" Say of a ſylvan nymph the fair youth came,
" And Calycopis call his mother's name.
" For ſhouldſt thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
" That thou in bliſs hadſt Cytherea known,
" Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
" And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.

" Now all is told thee, and juſt caution giv'n,
" Be ſecret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee firſt I praiſe,
Then to ſome other pow'r transfer my lays.

CON-

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